The Nationalist.

FREEDOM. TRUTH, AND JUSTICE.

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THE NATIONALIST.

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Ireland.

Ireland is one of the most fertile countries in the world. Able economists have estimated that the island has a productive capacity sufficient for the maintenance of eighteen or twenty millions of people. Yet, with a total population of only one-fourth that number, (less than five millions in all), the majority of the people are condemned to a precarious and miserable existence. The soil is generous in its bounty, but man's hands have paralyzed it; and grim famine has more than once stalked across the fertile plains so unnaturally barren. To explain this contrast between the actual and the possible productiveness of the country, we must go back to the period of the English invasion, and examine the revolution which it wrought. Under her ancient constitution, Ireland was owned as she was governed by the people. The soil was parcelled out among the tribes, so that a certain district belonged exclusively to a certain tribe—"portions in common for grazing, and the rest apportioned to the chiefs, brehons, bards, and the other families, as farms." The absolute ownership, however, could not be claimed by any individual; the right to re-allot and re-arrange being reserved to the tribe itself. The Chief, or King, became such only by election, so that he could lay claim to no "divine right" regarding the ownership or distribution of the land. It was the birth-right of the people, and in as far as any prince exercised control over it, he did so by virtue of a power delegated to him by the people, to whom he was held responsible for his stewardship. This system, therefore, being directly opposed to Feudalism, recognized the right of the humblest Kerne to inhabit the land and live on its produce. It also made the power of arbitrary eviction impossible. In short, the land laws under the Brehon Code a thousand years ago were infinitely superior, in conception and in operation, to that tinkered abortion which recently made a reputation for Gladstone.

It is stated that Sir John Ennis, Bart., who for some years represented Athlone, will contest Westmeath at the next general election in conjunction with Mr. P. J. Smyth, on Home Rule principles. The expenses will be borne by Sir John.

Death of Father Malone, P. P., V. F., Belmullett. On the 10th, the life of a zealous and pious Irish priest, and sterling patriot passed away. The good father took ill on Sunday with acute inflamation of the bowels, which could not be abated. There was no one precedent to Father Malone in integrity of purpose. Dignified by many personal gifts of the higher order, amongst these a generous and hospitable disposition, he possessed a thorough education, and a great store of acquired knowledge, and experience of men and things. He was learned in the common acceptation of the word as well as in its larger and truer sense. Devoted to the faith of which he was a profound and pious priest, he loved his people and the country with a genuine love that was ever visible in the instinctive vigilance in the interests of faith and people that nothing seemed to escape. It was only last year that Father Malone visited America, where he worked and lectured in aid of his new church amongst the Irish people. Of the thousands that welcomed him in that new and free country of the Irish race many will mourn with us here the demise of a good and holy priest, whose life was wholly devoted to the service of God and country. May we hope the weak ones of Ennis, for whose homes he long and bravely battled, will not be let to feel too soon the want of the strong and virtuous hand of father and friend.

On the 14th, Constables M'Kee and Walsh, of the Drumcondra station, were on duty on the road near their barracks. About twenty-five men were coming along towards town, and some of them laid hold of two young women who were in company with a soldier, and were treating them in a very rough manner. Constable McKee interposed to protect the women, when one of the assailants struck him in the mouth, and both constables were further assailed, and had to draw their swords in their defence. In the general fight which ensued, Constable Walsh had his sword wrested from him, and with it he was stabbed no less than four times. M'Kee received a severe cut on one of his hands, and was otherwise injured. Besides Walsh, five or six of the constabulary have received injuries, and one of the civilians wounded has received a severe sword cut on the head.

THE HOLYWOOD TRAGEDY.—The trial of Mary and Charlotte Raw for the murder of Miss Isabella Kerr, at Holywood, was concluded at Downpatrick Assizes on the 11th. At the sitting of the court, Mr. Justice Lawson commenced his charge. He complimented Mr. Porter on the eloquent and able speech he had delivered, which could not be surpassed; and he also complimented the Solictor-General on his powerful statement. He reminded the jury that they were trying Miss Kerr's case only. If the jury believed Miss Kerr was of irritable temper, and, hearing a noise, came down stairs, caught the prisoners robbing the house, and endeavored to strike them—although the prisoners had no business to be there—the jury would be justified in finding a verdict of manslaughter. At the conclusion of the charge, the jury retired, and an adjournment took place until two o'clock. On the court resembling, the jury came in with a verdict of guilty on the minor offence of manslaughter. Judge Keogh sentenced the prisoners, who throughout maintained a calm demeanor, to penal servitude for life.

The magisterical investigation into the recent riots in Kinsale was commenced on the 15th, and adjourned to the 20th. The inquest stands adjourned to Tuesday. The remains of Gerry, the unfortunate victim of these disturbances, were interred on Friday, in the churchyard of St. Multose, and were followed by an immense concourse, extending to a distance of fully one mile, and forming one of the most impressive demonstrations in point of numbers ever witnessed in Kinsale.

The Extra Constabulary Force in Wicklow.—A meeting of the magistrates of Wicklow county was held on the 12th, in the Grand Jury Room, Wicklow, having been specially convened by the Earl of Meath, Lieutenant of the county, for the purpose of taking into consideration the movement to reduce the constabulary force of the county. There was a very numerous attendance of magistrates. The chair was taken by the Earl of Meath, the Lieutenant of the county, and the following rosolutions were passed unanimously:—

Proposed by Sir George Hodson, Bart., seconded by Wm. R. LaTouche, Esq.—"That feeling this county to be aggrieved by being subjected to a heavy tax for an extra constabulary force, when not only is there no such extra force, but the number of constables already allotted to Wicklow is less than its free quota, we consider it our duty to take measures for the relief of the county from this burthen."

Proposed by Robert F. Ellis, Esq., seconded by Colonel Charles Tottenham.—"That we request the Earl of Meath to be so good as to communicate these resolutions to his Excellency the Lord Lieutenant."

The late attempted suicide in Nenagh.—James Gleeson, of Lisheenaclounta, Nenagh, who attempted suicide on the 12th, died on the 14th, from the effects of the wounds he inflicted on his throat. Gleeson was a young man and possessed of considerable property in land, for which he paid a nominal rent. He was married to the daughter of a respectable shopkeeper of Nenagh, who, with two children, he leaves to lament his tragic end.

It is intended to introduce the Sisters of Mercy to the Union Workhouse of Clonmel as nurses.

There is a vacancy in the office of Deputy Lieutenant of the county Tipperary by the death of Stephen Charles Moore, Esq., who expired at his residence, Barne, on the 11th, after an illness of some duration.

A Model Community.—For the last couple of months the town of Milltown has enjoyed a remarkable immunity from intemperance. Not a single case of drunkenness came before the magistrates at Petty Sessions until the 8th, when the first delinquent for two months was charged with that offence. The charge against him being the first of the kind, he was discharged with a nominal fine.

At the Clare Quarter Sessions, the case of the Queen *v.* the persons who are stated to have maltreated the Clanchys, fishermen, on the Shannon near Limerick, has been postponed to the Assizes, owing to the heinous character of the offence charged.

Mr. Donaldson, an æronaut, living in Harrisburg, Penn., is experimenting in the balloon business with the view of utilizing the waste ocean currents and crossing the Atlantic. He offers to bet anybody $10,000 that he will make the little trip from Philadelphia to Ireland in two days.

Ireland's prosperity is shown in a somewhat peculiar way. They have started a dog show in Dublin and claim that, in point of success, it is next in importance to the exhibition of Durham bulls.

Times are changed considerably in Dublin since the time when it was penal to belong to anything but the true blue ascendency. J. W. Mackey, the Lord Mayor, wearing his S. S., chain and robes of office, accompanied by the Aldermen in their scarlet cloaks, attended in Marlboro-street Cathedral to hear a sermon preached by his Eminence, Cardinal Cullen.

Wednesday last they had a big time, or what they considered a big time, in Limerick. The flunkeys who live by the Shannon took to imitating the flunkeys who live by the Liffey; and so, when a new dock was to be opened, the Lord Lieutenant was invited. Accompanied by a host of swells, Earl Spencer went down by special train to the Treaty Stone, declared the dock finished, and said he was proud of Irish prosperity.

The magistrates of Wicklow, though distinguished for their wholesome dread of everything national, now resolve that there are too many constabulary men in the county. The people are clearly of opinion that, apart from the police, there are too many West-British Magistrates in all parts of the country.

Value of land in the county Killkenny.—On the 8th inst., Mr. Thomas Chaplin, auctioneer, sold on the lands at Gerranaman, adjoining the village of Kells, in this county, the interest in a lease of lives renewable for ever, of 7 acres, 1 rood, 16 perches Irish plantation measure, the rent being 2l per acre, to Mr. Gorey, of Cappagh, New Ross, for 285l. The interest in the lease of an adjoining farm, containing 59 acres Irish plantation measure, and held for the lives of his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales, his Royal Highness the Duke of Edinburgh, his Royal Highness Prince Arthur Patrick, or the survivor of them, was also knocked down to Mr. Gorey, for 540l.

The *Freeman's Journal*, in recording the demise of the Rev. Robert Wheeler, C. C., Celbridge, says with truth, that "he was a man of large and varied reading, of a singularly correct judgment, and his whole life was one of great and unaffected piety. His death has caused great grief to the people of Celbridge, more especially to the poor, to whom he was always a kind and liberal benefactor. May the Lord have mercy on his soul."

England.

CONDEMNED GUNS AT WOOLWICH.—The War Department, says the *London Times*, taking advantage of the present exceptionally high value of iron, is selling off by tender a great number of old cast iron guns which have been condemned and lying in store at the Royal Arsenal, Woolwich, for years past; and already between five and six thousand of these obsolete weapons have been disposed of at excellent prices. Among the condemned guns in the Arsenal there are half a dozen which have a curious history. During the Crimean war the British Government was very anxious to obtain some breech-loading cannon, at that time somewhat a novelty, and an officer, high in authority, was at that juncture interviewed by an American manufacturer, who offered to supply him with a gun which, from the prospectus submitted, appeared exactly to answer the requirements. An order was accordingly given to him to supply six of his breech-loaders, with various bores averaging about six inches in diameter, and, at his suggestion, the price agreed upon was so much per pound weight. When the guns were delivered, which they were with commendable promptness, the authorities found that they were of enormous weight, the breach end being of tremendous thickness, and the size of the weapons being out of all proportion to the calibre of the bore. The Government demurred to carrying out its agreement to pay weight, but, after some correspondence between the manufacturer's solicitors and the law officers of the Crown, the contract price was paid, and the inventor realized a profit of several thousand pounds by his clever bargain. The guns were not used in the Crimean war, for they were too unwieldy for service, and they have never been fired to this day, but lie where they were deposited, in front of the Royal Gun Factories, amongst other curiosities, until they too shall be broken up for the value of the old metal.

MUTINY OF ARTILLERYMEN AT PLYMOUTH.—The artillerymen stationed at Drake's Island, a fortification off Plymouth Hoe, called after Sir Francis Drake, have just been guilty of mutiny. A detachment was ordered by Major Cuming, commanding officer, to parade in marching order. When the kits were examined, several were found deficient of minor articles which ought to have been in them. Although many of the men were guilty of this breach of discipline, eight only were selected for punishment, and Major Cuming awarded them three day's marching order. At four o'clock the defaulters' bugle sounded, but the eight men did not turn out. A general assembly was then ordered and Major Cuming called on the defaulters to step out. Not one moved, and then he called for the eight men who had been punished. They stepped out, and, on being asked why they had not turned out to defaulters' drill, they made sundry excuses for not having their kits complete. They were ordered seven days. In the evening, after a noise in the canteen, several of the men rushed to the barrack-room, and broke the windows, furniture, and carbines. Six were apprehended but they were not of the eight first punished. One had his hand injured, and was taken to the hospital. An investigation is going on, and it is believed a trial for mutiny will be ordered.

In England they have a faint show of justice even for the oppressed traveler. One of these bought a ticket from Birmingham to Belfast, on the London and Northwestern Railway. By the trains delay he missed connection, and the company were sued and obliged to pay the damage claimed by the adventurous traveller.

Next to the Great Eastern the steamship City of Chester, just launched at Liverpool, is the largest merchant ship in the world. She is 458 feet long, has a capacity of 4,800 tons, will have a crew of 135 men, carry 1,400 passengers, and make 17 knots an hour. She was built for the Liverpool, New York and Philadelphia line.

The English Parliament will be dissolved early next year and a new election ordered. John Martin and other Irish members are discussing the propriety of resolving to abstain from at all voting in the London House of Commons. When they do that they shall have taken a step in the right direction.

Europe.

A case which is likely to call forth all the emotional resources of a French jury is told as follows: A young man having accepted a challenge from a noted duelist, goes home and tells his mother all about it. The good lady rushes off distracted to the house of the duelist, whom she finds practicing with a pistol in his garden, and, what is worse, hitting the mark every time. She implores his mercy, but is coldly repulsed by the marksmam, who declares his intention to kill her son. Thereupon, in her wrath and terror, the poor woman snatches up a pistol and shoots the poor duelist dead. The chances are that she will be acquitted, and, indeed, it is difficult to imagine any case which offers more, or more genuine extenuation. A jury of mothers, at least, would not very long deliberate upon their verdict.

An elderly woman having applied to see Gromier, who is now in prison, accused of having taken part in the Commune, was followed home by the people, and in her house a voluminous correspondence with Felix Pyat was seized. Among the papers are several plans for dividing France into small States, on the Federal plan. There are also a number of letters of great interest, which are reported to compromise a great number of people.

John Stuart Mill, the eminent political economist, metaphysician, and statesman, died at Avignon, on Friday last.

A special dispatch to the London *Times* reports that a Russian picket party, under command of a Colonel in the advance guard of General Kaufman's column, were surprised by some Bokharese horsemen and all put to death by impalement. Three officers and a few men were captured by Kighese between Orsk and Kasalinsk.

A *Herald* special from London says Khiva is taken. The troops from Lashkend and Fort No. 1 after a concentration on the Bawkan Hills marched directly across the Kirzil Kum desert to the lower Oxus. There they communicated with the supply steamers from Fort No. 1, thus practically establishing a new base of supplies within striking distance of Khiva. This makes the success of further operations a certainty.

Dispatches from Kasalinsk bring intelligence that detachments and reconnoitering parties from the Russian expedition report the Khivans as throwing up intrenchments at Klytch and Dun Karathey. They are also sending out vanguards to meet the Russians at Minbulak. There has been an engagement at Igda between Russians and a few Turcomans, in which the latter were defeated, and 22 of the Turcomans killed and 1,000 of their camels captured by the Russians.

United States.

The fact that a New York murderer, upon being arraigned for trial, has actually pleaded guilty, may be regarded as one of the extraordinary events of the time. Robert P. Bleckley, who killed his niece, Maud Merrill, upon being called for trial, told the Court that he wanted to plead guilty of murder in the first degree; that he killed his niece, was not insane, and was willing to suffer the consequences. This unusual circumstance—extremely unusual for New York—deserves a record.

A Detroit man bought a horse recently, but finding the animal by no means what was represented, dyed him a splendid black, and resold him to the dealer. In about two weeks the animal was resold to the first purchaser, his appearance having undergone another change, and now Detroit is interested to know which of the men ought to sue the other.

THE POSTAL CARDS.—The new Postal Card system has gone into operation. The card adopted is five and one-eighth inches in length and three inches in width, and is made of good stiff paper, water-marked with the initials U. S. P. O. D., in monogram. The face of the card is engraved, surrounded by a border, in scroll work, one-eighth of an inch in width. The one cent stamp printed on the upper right hand corner, is from a profile bust of the Goddess of Liberty, looking to the left, and surrounded by a lathe work border, with the words "U. S. Postage" inscribed above, and "one cent" below. On the upper left hand corner are the words. "United States Postal Card," with directions to write the address only on this side—the message on the other." Underneath, and occupying the lower half of the card are ruled on which to write the address, the top line being prefixed to the word "To." The back of the card, intended for the communication, is entirely plain, being devoid even of ruled lines. In color the body of the card is light cream, the printing velvet brown. No variation in size, shape, color, or in any particular will be made from the regular style to accommodate special cases nor will the Department do any printing on the cards beyond the engravings specified in the description.

Postal cards will be sold for one cent each, neither more nor less, whether in large quantities or in small.

The editor of the *Irish People* and John Pope Hodnett have taken to patronize one another. They are both remarkable for talking a good deal of Ireland, and thinking a good deal of themselves. The editor wishes to advertise the lawyer and pretends to abuse him. They differ from one another naturally; any body with an idea would differ from the two. Says the Saint: "The ubiquitous John Pope Hodnett has turned up again—this time at Washington, and in a new *role*. We have known and met him as an organizer and a disorganizer in all parts of the Union. We never agreed with him on any subject, and never will." That must be a comfort to Hodnett. This *par nobile* it appears, have travelled, and been paid for the job.

DANIEL PURCELL, aged 106, died in Madison Co. Ky., last week. When the war of 1812 came along, Daniel lacked but a few months of the age that would have exempted him from service, but he volunteered, and has drawn a pension ever since the close of the war.

The following story is told of Rev. Mr. Hammond, who approached a man at Burlington the other day, asking him if he was a Christian. "No," replied the other, "I am a railroad man." "Well," said Mr. Hammond, "I know several conductors in New England that are Christians." "That may work down East all right, but a man can't be both in Iowa," responded the employee.

SAXON SAVAGISM.—The character of the "civilization" now predominant in the United States is clearly typified in the means suggested for putting an end to the Modoc war. As will be seen from the report in another column, the United States troops met with a crushing defeat at the hands of Captain Jack and his men. Immediately a cry of indignation is raised throughout the land, the men come forward with plans for the speedier extermination of the tribe. One proposes that a price of fifty dollars should be set on the scalp of each Modoc. Another reminds us that a pack of the bloodhounds would render sufficient service in the Lava Beds, as they formerly did in the everglades of Florida during the Seminole war. Both these suggestions are widely indorsed, though both commend the adoption of means prohibited in all civilized warfare. Cannot the Modocs be brought to terms without our having recourse to barbarian modes of fighting? If not, then the quarrel is reduced to savage against savage.—*Irish World.*

A libel suit has been instituted by Ben. F. Camp against the New York *Tribune* laying damages at $50,000 for the publication of an article entitled "frauds and passes."

Thirteen thousand immigrants arrived at Castle Garden last week.

Nearly all the horseshoers have resumed work, their employers having resolved to give them the four dollars per day demanded.

The colored people are organizing for a mass meeting in Cooper Institute, New York, the momentous question to be considered being the way their rights are trodden under in the schools, the theatres, the railroad cars, and first-class hotels. They say they don't want to boss the white man, but they think they are entitled to as good treatment as he, or perhaps a little better.

Australia.

The eighty-fifth anniversary of the foundation of the colony of New South Wales was celebrated on January 27th. The Parliament adjourned, all places of business were closed and a general public holiday was observed.

The miners' strike still continues at Wollongong.

From Bingera reports have been received of the finding of a large number of diamonds.

A Maitland correspondent expresses a fear that the frequent rains of the season will deteriorate the quality of this year's vintage.

Numerous reports of escapes from and actual drownings are received from all quarters, the flooded state of the rivers and creeks making traveling dangerous.

Agricultural laborers are scarce in Southland, for a settler at Winton the other day was offering £2 per week with rations, and at these excellent wages only a few were procured.

Among other estimates, the Government has obtained one £1,000 to pay a commissioners to negotiate for assistance to secure a trans-Pacific mail service. The Legislative Assembly last session, by resolution, authorized the Government to invite tenders for a mail service across the Pacific. The Government of this colony asked the assistance of the Imperial Government to the service for the transmission of the mails through the territory of the United States. It also asked permission to make treaties with the United States Government for this service.

Heavy storms of thunder and rain have prevailed. The Nepern, the Hawkesbury, the Cook and the George's Rivers have been flooded, causing great loss of crops. Considerable damage has been done on the railway lines and property in the city and suburbs have been much injured. It is estimated that it will cost the city corporation £20,000 to put the streets in the same condition they were in prior to the storms.

A Novel Irish Representative.

We like to see the people of every country congregated in and living upon this mighty continent, remembering with pride and affection the land of their nativity. The man who forgets his native soil, and feels that he owes it no allegiance, is little better than a brute, and cannot be a good citizen of any country. He merits nothing better than contempt. A few evenings ago, there was a banquet at the Southern hotel, St. Louis, in honor of England's patron saint, the mythical murderer of the mythical dragon. It was attended by some sixty gentlemen, who descanted upon the greatness, glory, and immortality (?) of Britain. The exaggerated ideas, which these gentlemen hold of are England's greatness, harmless, though they be ludicrously absurd. We don't wonder at that, when we consider the vain-glorious character of the Englishman. His national vanity blinds him to the decadence of his country, and the defects of its people, and makes him imagine all others inferior to Britain, and the Britishers. But, what most amused us, in connection with St. George's banquet, was the oration delivered by the representative of the "Union Jack," Mr. Consul Cooke, who modestly claimed to be "the humble representative of Great Britain and Ireland." We would like to know by what elasticity of fancy Consul Cooke persuades himself he is recognized by Ireland as her representative, in this country, or anywhere else. He had little regard for truth, when he spoke so rashly. We repudiate his representation, with all the vehemence of our being. No Saxon can ever represent us, or our country. English rule in Ireland is a fraud—an usurpation, against which we will inveigh and war, till it be destroyed. Consul Cooke is like the Government he represents, another usurper, when he audaciously and mendaciously assumes to speak as the representative of Ireland.—*Western Celt.*

We have to return our thanks to the Jackson Dragoons for the graceful compliment they paid the NATIONVLIST office by saluting while passing on their return from the picnic on Thursday evening.

THE NATIONALIST.

SAN FRANCISCO, MAY 17, 1873.

THE SOLDIER'S SONG.

[BY JOHN SAVAGE.]

I'd rather be a soldier
In a gallant, glorious cause,
To uphold a people's honor,
Their liberty and laws,
Than wearily and drearily
To pass my life away,
Living but for living's sake
And dying ev'ry day.

CHORUS:—
I'd rather be a soldier!
A tramping, camping soldier!
A soldier away to the field
Where the God of right above,
Smiles upon the flag we love,
As we fight, fall, but never yield.

I'd rather be a soldier
In the watchful bivouac
'Midnight alarms, and calls to arms,
To meet the dawn's attack,
Than slumber in the city's heart,
In callous, blank repose,
When every man should be awake
To face the nation's foes.

CHORUS:—I'd rather by a soldier, etc.

I'd rather be a soldier,
In the flashing, crashing van,
And win the love of mankind,
By the blow I strike for man,
Than mope in subtle selfishness,
Wish empty pleas for "Peace,"
While each delay to win the right
But makes the wrong increase.

CHORUS:— I'd rather be a soldier, etc.

I'd rather be a soldier,
'Mid the battle's rage and ire,
With heart that mocks the sabre thrust,
And soul that scoffs the fire,
Than live to feel no glory
In my nation, flag, and race—
Oh, better fall to crown them all,
Than live to their disgrace!

CHORUS:—I'd rather be a soldier, etc.

Then forward, gallant comrades!
Welcome any fate that comes;
We rise to freedom's bugle blast,
We step to freedom's drums;
The God that gave us liberty,
Will see us through the foam
Of battle, while we bravely fight
For our dear ones at home.

CHORUS:—I'd rather be a soldier, etc.

[For the NATIONALIST.]

Perseverance.

True to the cause of Fatherland, willing to sacrifice for its sake everything in life, and even life itself, the Irish people have ever been; but there has been always something wanting, or the day of our redemption would have dawned long ere now. That something without which nothing great can ever be accomplished, without which man becomes a puling infant, an object more of contempt than commiseration,—is the all-desirable virtue of perseverance. In patience we have out-Jobed Job, in hope we have never been wanting, nor have we ever submitted for any length of time to the demon of despair; yet the iron rule of the oppressor, though differing in its administration, lies as heavily on us to-day as it did before many of our long long struggles of centuries began. If we would once and for ever strike down this hideous tyranny, cease from troubling the whole world with our groans, and disgusting it with the exhibition of our sores, we must improve on the tactics of our fathers by doing that which they failed to do—we must persevere. It is very true that those who have gone before us did much that was good, that was noble, that was heroic, but no one needs be told what it has all amounted to. It must not be thought that I speak desparagingly of the patriot dead, of the people who suffered the worst of persecutions and tortures, for love of liberty without flinching, who by their sacrifices have given to the scaffold the sacredness of the altar, and whose devotion to the God-given principles of truth and justice have glorified the human race. But this I say, and would to heaven that every Irish-born man would say with me, and vow it in his heart, that it is time repetitions of our history should cease. Bequeathing freedom's battle from sire to son is all very well in its way; but it does not do to continue it ad infinitum. And unless this generation makes one supreme sustained effort, such a one as must necessarily win freedom, we might keep on struggling and dying, rising to struggle, and dying again till the crack of doom. Defeat and disaster will have their disheartening results, but such results should be of a very short duration on a people in whose veins no cowardly current flows. Without perseverence no man succeeds in life, without it no nation has any life whatever. The tyrant will ever rob and maltreat such a nation just as Britain has robbed and maltreated us, and as she will continue to do, unless we promptly come to the unalterable conclusion of persevering to the end. There are men among us whose hopes and energies are stronger than those of others. Let them not cover themselves with a mantle of false modesty, but by making open confession of the faith that is in them, gives faith, and hope, and nerve, and heart, to those who need them. Let no one say that it is useless for him to try to wake up those around him, because his position in life is perhaps more lowly than theirs. It is true his words would have more effect if he were a member of Congress or President of a railroad, but earnestness in the end always convinces. Go at your work with a heart; there is success for the lowly as well as for the great. Peter the hermit by the sheer force of his earnestness and enthusiasm got all Europe from the king to the peasant to follow him. Cannot each of us who say we love Ireland, prove that we do by teaching at least half a dozen others that its freedom can never be achieved but by perseverance, and that it is worth persevering for? Yes, teach them that 'tis baseness to give up the cause, and treason not to prosecute it with vigor. No matter what obstacles may come in our way, what buffetings we may endure; no matter what stars may fall from the firmanent of Irish patriotism, so long as our course is onward, and our watch word perseverance we cannot fail. HARVEY BIRCH.

Virginia City, May 14th, 1873.

Irish Journals in England.

The influence of Irish journalism in England is now being viewed with evident alarm by the press of that country. The large circulation which the Irish national papers enjoy among our people in Great Britain, demonstrates that not only the power of the Celtic element there, but its expanding intelligence, and the deep concern which the Irish feel for aught that concerns their country. The question of Home Rule, which is being strongly agitated all over the empire, and sustained by the ablest men in Ireland, Protestant, Presbyterian and Catholic, is looked upon as scarcely less dangerous to the continuance of English rule than Fenianism. We cannot forbear giving it as our conviction, that the Home Rule movement will not be able to realize the object which it aspires to. We have had too much experience in the past, to arrive at a different conclusion. England will not be intimidated by constitutional agitation, into such a concession. She must receive some stronger grounds for dread, and substantial evidence of danger. We are glad to be aware that the masses of the people do not rely upon moral movements for Irish independence. We would be sorry if things were different. We, however, don't object to any particular class attaching its faith to any principle or party. which it deems best calculated to achieve the object which all in common have in view.

Although the revolutionary organization is in a painfully fragmentary state it is possible of cohesion if the proper means were but adopted to make it homogenous. To effect that desirable object is the duty of every Irishman; for whether liberty to our country come in a qualified form in the nature of Home Rule, or absolutely, in that of total separation, it can only be effected by revolutionary power, in an active or passive state. The Home Rule movement can only derive strength from secret organization, which England will the more dread, because it will be intangible to her. Were she satisfied of its existence, she would yield to a constitutional demand, what she could not withhold from the sword in the contingency of foreign complication. We are therefore advocates for revolutionary organization, and believe that it is our duty as Irishmen to prosecute it with all the earnestness and vigor of which we are capable. —*Western Celt.*

Wouldn't Work.

Some months ago a lot of Sioux Indians robbed a stage coach on the plains, and found among the packages of freight a clothes wringer.

One of the chiefs had been to St. Louis several times, and observed beings grinding terrific music out of a machine with the same kind of a crank as that on the wringer, so a conviction seized his soul that this was a barrel organ.

He had the wringer carefully carried back to the camp, and made up his mind that the soiltary wilderness was going to be broken up by a ceaseless sound of tunes and vibrations.

First he grasped the crank and began to show his braves how the thing was done.

He revolved it for sixteen hours but still no music came.

Then the other Indians took a hand, one after another, for a week.

Then the squaws were turned on, but without any effect,

Then the chief went out and stole a mule and a threshing machine, and rigged up a lot of blocks' and pulleys and ran a belt over the crank; then exploded powder under the hind legs of the mule, so that he kept charging up the inclined plane of that threshing machine, and the wringer made sixty revolutions per minute.

But it wouldn't work.

So the chief came to the conclusion that the concern was under some kind of a curse, and he ran out to the medicine man and had a war dance, and drove yellow pine stakes through a couple of white captives, and jumped around and howled while the medicine man played some wild mysterious music on a drum.

Then the medicine man hitched up his mule again, and, after starting the machine, he leaned against it while he uttered an exorcism.

In a couple of minutes the rubber collars clenched his bleech clout and began to haul him in with his knees doubled up against his face.

When he got half through he stuck and the machine stopped.

He couldn't move, and the chief was afraid to touch the wringer, so the braves fell on the doctor, and jabbed him with a knife, and scalped him; and then they buried him and the machine as they were.

This is the last attempt of the Sioux Indian to cultivate the fine arts.

Paddy's "Onaisyness"

The London *Despatch*, after carefully reading various accounts of the different celebrations on St. Patrick's day and on several subsequent occasions which were mere pretexts for kicking against all good goverment of the British pattern, says, that after "listening to the evidence of Archbishop Manning as to the idiotic things Irishmen say and do under the influence of strong drink and strong patriotism, every one will come to the conclusion that the day of united prayer for Ireland has not been appointed a moment too soon. Erin may be the

First flower of the earth, first gem of the sea,

but she's a very noisy flower and a very turbulent gem, and it is to be hoped sincerely that the Archbishop, united prayer, and Gladstonian reform will have the effect of knocking a little of the nonsense out of Paddy, who isn't half a bad fellow when he's quiet, only, unfortunately—he never is.

Among the idiotic things Irishmen say when perfectly sober, is that England's thrall is a nuisance to be got rid of. As to the Gladstonian reform, the benighted Irish are too blind to see anything in it.

A LOST SOVEREIGN.—A certain corridor of the House of Commons has posted up in it at the present moment a notice which calls forth a good deal of wit. It appears that a Mr.——lost a sovereign somewhere in the House, and he thought the best plan was to advertise the fact; consequently the notice in question was put up, and in its original form ran thus:—"Lost, a sovereign. If found, Mr.——will be gratified if left with Mr.——." The second edition of the notice contained the heading "A Sad Case," and the word *bad* was introduced before sovereign." In the next edition a conundrum was added—"Why is Mr.——like Spain? Answer: Because he's lost his sovereign" To which some satirical wag added the words, "incorrect, for Spain threw the sovereign away." The last amendment up to the date on the notice is to the effect that 30s. reward is offered for the recovery of the "bad" sovereign.

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A WEEKLY JOURNAL

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ON THE BROAD PLATFORM OF

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TO THE AFFLICTED.

DR. W. K. DOHERTY RETURNS HIS SINCERE thanks to his numerous patients for their patronage, and would take this opportunity to remind them that he continues to consult at his Institute for the cure of CHRONIC DISEASES of the LUNGS, LIVER, KIDNEYS, DIGESTIVE and GENITO-URINARY ORGANS, and all private diseases, viz: SYPHILIS, in all its forms and stages; SEMINAL WEAKNESS, and all the horid consequences of self-abuse; GONORRHŒA, GLEET, STRICTURES, NOCTURNAL and DIURNAL EMISSIONS, SEXUAL DEBILITY, DISEASES OF THE BACK and LOINS, INFLAMMATION OF THE BLADDER and KIDNEYS, etc., etc.; and he hopes his long experience and successful parctice will continue to insure him a share of public patronage. By the practice of many years in Europe and the United States, he is enabled to apply the most efficient and successful remedies against diseases of all kinds. He cures without mercury, charges moderate, treats his patients in a correct and honorable way, and has references of unquestionable veracity from men of known respectability and high standing in society. All parties consulting him by letter or otherwise, will receive the best and gentlest treatment with implicit secrecy.

DR. DOHERTY would call attention to the following certificates, from two of his patients who having fully recovered their health, desire to make known their medial agent. It will be seen their statements are fully authenticated by a Notary public.

The welfare of society imperiously demands their publicity, and they are given more to warn the unwary than to sound the praises of a Physician, of whom hundreds of like cases can be cited, during a practice of more than twenty years.

A CASE OF GLEET AND STRICTURE.

DR. DOHERTY—Dear Sir: I feel my health so fully restored that, in common gratitude, I believe I should make you some written acknowledgment, for your favors was small for the work performed.

I arrived in this city from the East about one year ago and was then suffering from an old case of Gleet, complicated with Stricture. Being a stranger in the city and believing that those doctors who gave such positive assurances of success were necessarily the best, I placed myself in their charge, and continued under their treatment until I had lost nearly all hope and a considerable sum of money.

I wish to say now that you are the sixth doctor I have employed, and the only one that has ever done me any service. My Gleet is wholly cured, the Stricture is also removed, and my general health is better than it has been for years

In conclusion, I would say to the many unfortunates who require medical advice, if you have any doubt as to whom you should employ, ask DR. DOHERTY for my address and call and see me. (I keep a store in this city.) My experience may save you many dollars.

I would also add that in the early stage of my disease I used a large amount of the preparations advertised as infallible cures for Gonnorhœa. Gleet, etc., but never derived any benefit from them.

I am, Doctor, very truly yours, L——H——.
San Francisco, June 15th, 1864.
subscribed and sworn-to before me this 21st day June, A. D,. 1864.
(L. S.) A. S. GOULD, Notary Public

SEMINAL WEAKNESS—A SWORN-TO CERTIFICATE OF MOST REMARKABLE CURE OF SPERMATORRHŒA.

A desire to benefit suffering humanity, and a feeling of gratitude to DR. W. K. DOHERTY, alone induces me to make this statement. For many years I had been afflicted with that fearful disease known as "Spermatorrhœa" or Seminal weakness. the result of self-abuse; but till in 1855 experienced but little trouble or inconvenience. In that year, however, I had Seminal weakness to a fearful extent, which was soon followed by the most alarming symptoms, as weakness of the back and limbs, pain in the head dimness of vision, nervousness and general debility. My mind, too, was affected to such an extent as to seriously impair my memory; my ideas were confused and spirits depressed. I was averse to society, had evil forebodings and self-distrust, and was entirely unfitted for any of the duties of life. From 1855 to the summer of 1863, I employed the very best medical talent I could find, and spent several hundred dollars, but in no instance obtained more than temporary relief. I had about concluded there was no relief for me in this world, but reading DR. DOHERTY'S card I thought I should call and see him, as he charged nothing for consultation. I had an interview with the doctor at his office, in Sacramento street, and his fee for treatment was so reasonable, I determined to try him, though I did not expect much benefit from his treatment. On the fifth of December last I placed myself under his care; in one week I found myself very much improved, and now, after five weeks treatment, I feel thoroughly cured of all my troubles, and in the enjoyment of the best of health. Hoping that my experience may be of benefit to others similarly afflicted, I subscribe myself.

JAMES JOHNSTON

Subscribed and sworn to before me, this 15th day January, A. D., 1864.
[L. S.] A. G. RANDALL, Notary Public.

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When a female is in trouble, or afflicted with disease, as weakness of the back and limbs, pain in the head, dimness of sight, loss of muscular power, palpitation of the heart, irritability, nervousness, extreme urinary difficulties, derangement of digestive functions, general debility, vaginitis, all diseases of the womb, hysteria, sterility, and all other diseases peculiar to females, she should go or write at once to the celebrated female doctor. W. K. DOHERTY, at his Medical Institute and consult him about her troubles and disease. The Doctor is effecting more cures than any other Physician in the State of California. Let no false delicacy prevent you, but apply immediately and save yourself from painful sufferings and premature death. All Married ladies whose delicate health or other circumstances prevent an increase in their families, should write or call at DR. W K. DOHERTY'S Medical Institute, and they will receive every possible relief and help. The doctors offices are so arranged that he can be consulted without fear of observation.

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Patients male or female) residing in any part of the State, however distant, who may desire the opinion and advice of Dr. Doherty in their respective cases, and who think proper to submit a written statement of such, in preference to holding a personal interview, are respectfully assured that their communications will be held most sacred.

If the case be fully and candidly described, personal communication will be unnecessary, as instructions for diet, regimen, and the general treatment of the case itself (including the remedies,) will be forwarded without delay, and in such a manner as to convey no idea of the letter or parcel transmitted.

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THE NATIONALIST.

SAN FRANCISCO, MAY 17, 1873.

IRISH DIRECTORY

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Co. A, Montgomery Guards; Captain, C. Quinn; First Lieutenant, W. Lee; Second Lieutenant, T. Bolster, drill in Armory Hall.

Co. B, Emmet Life Guards; Captain, R. Clery; I. G. Hayden, First Lieutenant; H. Fowkes, Second Lieutenant; drill in Irish-American Hall every Thursday

Co. C, Meagher Guards; Captain, J. Eagan; D. T. Sullivan, First Lieutenant; D. J. Sullivan, Second Lieutenant; drill in Armory Hall.

Co. D, Wolfe Tone Guards; Captain, J. Leddy; First Lieutenant, M. O'Brien; Second Lieutenant, John Byrne; drill in Armory Hall every Thursday.

Co. E, MacMahon Guards; Captain, J. H. McMenomy; First Lieutenant, H. Casey; Second Lieutenant, E. F. Gleason; drill in Hall corner Sixth and Market every Tuesday.

Co. F, Shields Guards; Captain, M. Flanagan; J. Hand First Lieutenant; P. McEleer, Second Lieutenant; drill in Hibernia Hall every Wednesday.

Sarsfield Guards, (Independe t); Captain, H. C. Bateman; First Lieutenant, S. C. Walsh; drill in Irish-American Hall. on Tuesdays.

Co, A. Legion of St Patrick; Captain, M. B. Hughes; First Lieutenant, J. Dooley; Second Lieutenant, D. Magner; drill in Hibernia Hall every Tuesday.

Hibernia Rifles; First Lieutenant, F. A. McDonald; Second Lieutenant, M. F. Walsh; drill in Irish-American Hall every Wednesday.

Jackson Dragoons; Captain, M. Greany; E. M. Phillips, First Lieutenant, T. W. Collins, Second Lieutenant; drill in La Grande Armory every Friday.

Sons of the Emerald Isle—Meet first Wednesday of the month at Irish-American Hall. Nicholas Ennis, President; P. A. Dacey, V. P.; J. O'Brien, R. S.; P. S. Guerin, F. S.; J. Burke, C. S.; J. O'Connell, T.; Dr. Newell, corner Mission and New Montgomery, Physician.

Irish-Americans—Meet in Irish-American Hall. John Collins, President; T. McInerney, V. P.; J. O'Donnell, R. S.; M. J. McInerney, F. S.; J. Henry, C. S.; J. Grant, T.; Dr. Hutchings, 222 Post street, Physician.

Laborers' Protective and Benevolent Association—Meet first Friday of each month at Irish-American Hall. M. Sullivan, President; M. Callahan, Secretary.

St. Joseph's Temperance, L. and B. Association—Meet every Sunday at two o'clock P. M. Daniel MacSweeney, President; M. O'Brien Secretary.

St. Mary's Temperance and Literary Society—Meet every Sunday in the basement of St. Mary's Cathedral, J. Anderson, President.

Father Matthew Temperance Society—Meet every Sunday evening in Irish-American Hall. J. Rafferty, President.

St. Joseph's Benevolent Society—Meet in basement of St Mary's Cathedral. J. R. Kelly, President; N. Winne, Secretary.

Irish Volunteers—Captain, T. Lynch; drill on Mondays.

Thomas F. Burke Circle, F. B—Centre, P. H. Lydon; Secretary, Thomas Kehoe.

A. O. H.—State Officers: M. Warde, S. D.; J. J. Donovan, S. S.

County Officers: M. J. Wrin, C. D.; J. F. Meagher, G. P.; J. T. Barry, G. V. P.; T. Drady, G. S.; P. Carr, G. A. S.; John Cooney, G. T.

Division No. 1.—Meet first Friday of the month at Hibernia Hall. J. M. Dwyer, President; J. Ginty, V. P.; J. B. Harrington R. S.; M. Kelly, F. S.; C. Dillon, T.

Division No. 2.—Meet first Thursday of the month at Hibernia Hall. Wm. Simpson President; J. B. Oliver, V. P., B. McDermott, R. S.; J. Reed, F. S.; M. McManomy, T.

Division No. 3.—Meet third Tuesday of the month at Charter Oak Hall, H. Gallagher, President; P. D. Ryan, V. P.; E. Herrick, F. S.; J. Gallagher, R. S; C. Farrelly, T.

Division No. 4.—Meet first and third Friday of the month at Irish-American Hall. J. Butler, President; J. H. Gilmore, V. P.; T. D. Sullivan, R. S.; T. Flanagan, F. S.; P. Kendrick, T.

Division 5.—Meet first Wednesday of the month at their Hall, Dolores Street, P. R. Hanna, President; B. Rierdon, V. P.; J. McGrath, R S.; P. Harrington, F. S.; John Kenny, T.

Division 6.—Meet second and fourth Friday of the month at Charter Oak Hall. J. J. Desmond, President; J. A. Lennon, V. P.; James P. Meagher, R. S.; E. R. Birmingham, F. S.; Thos. Donnelly, T.

Division 7.—Meet first Wednesday of the month at Riggers' and Stevedores' Hall, Pacific street. W. Higgins, President; J. W. Murphy V.P.; B. C. Mooney R. S.; J. Kelly, F. S.; J. O'Callaghan, T.

Division No. 8.—Meet at Tammany Hall. W. Gilleran, President; D. Coyne, V. P.; H. McClosky, F. S.; T. Flynn, R. S.; T. Laughlin, T.

Sacramento County—Division No. 1—M. V. O'Brien, C D; R. Hughes, P; P. J. Brown, V P; J. Cronin, R S; B. Lucy, F S; W. J. O'Brien, T.

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San Joaquin County—Division No. 1, (Stockton)—J. Ward, C D; J. A. Morissy, P; J. Murray, V P; J. McCarthy, R S; P. M. Darcy, F S; J. O. Donnell, T.

Solano County—Division No. 1, (Vallejo)—D. Bresnahan, C D; P. Kelly, P; J. Moran, V P. T. Welch, R S; J. Kennedy, F S; J. Goar, T.

Alameda County—Division No. 1, (Oakland)—T. D. Cronin, C D; M. Fitzgerald, P.

Yuba County—Division No. 1, (Marysville)—M. J. Petit, C D; J. Byrnes, P; J. Walshe, V P; J. Donohoe, F S; M. Flynn, T.

Division No. 2, (Smartsville)—J. McQuaide, P; J. Long, V P; M. Kelly, R S; C. Slattery, F S; A. Kerrigan, T.

Santa Clara County—Division No. 1, (San Jose)—H. Kelly, C D; J. Johnson, V P; D. Coakley, R S; J. J. Conmy, F S; D. Noonan, T.

Division No. 2, (Santa Clara)—J. Cotter, P; P. H. Murphy, V P; J. Fitzpatrick, R S; J. Donovan, F S; T. Clarke, T.

Nevada County—Division No. 1, (Truckee)—J. Creed, C D; M. Mahon, P; M. Guy, R S; H. Quinn, F S; M. M. Mahon, T.

Hibernia Benevolent Society of Sacramento—J. Ryan, P; J. Black, V P; R. Breen, T; J. P. Dray, R S; W. J. O'Brien, C S. Directors: J. McGuire, R. Breen, J. J. Cadogan. J. Dillon, W. D. Farrell.

Thos. F. Bourke Circle F. B.—Meet every Tuesday in Hibernia Hall.

K. R. B. No. 1.—Meet every Thursday at I. C. Hall, 715 Market street.

K. R. B. No. 2.—Meet every Tuesday at I. C. Hall.

Bourke and Luby C ub, I. C.—Meet every Monday at I. C. Hall. Frank Mahon, President; P. J. Casey, Secretary.

Thomas Davis Club, I. C.—Meet every Wednesday at I. C. Hall. T. C. Maher, President; W. Cotter, Secretary.

We have started with the above as a beginning for what we intend to make a standing Directory for all the Irish Organizations, military and civic, on this Coast. To enable us to supply omissions, and to make the Directory full and satisfactory, we respectfully call on the Secretaries of the different Irish societies of the city and the State to forward us at once the names of their officers, the time and place of meeting, the date of their organization, and whatever other information they may deem important. We will publish all matters of importance without charge.

A Pestilent Fly—A southern gentleman makes the *amende honorable* in the following elaborate style: "There is a fly in our office, one particular aggressive fly, distinguished from its brethren by a pertinacity and untiring energy that, if properly directed, are enough to make him president. Other flies we can dispose of by whisking a paper at them, or putting them out of the window. But this fly we can't manage. We don't like to kill flies. There is something so confiding about them that it seems like a breach of hospitality to kill them. That fly tumbles into our inkstand, crawls out and dries his little feet by walking over our paper as we write. The compositor has hard work to decipher our manuscript sometimes. And in this connection we would make a slight correction. In the last number of our paper we called the Hon. Mr.—'an unprincipled scoundrel;' we should have said 'high-toned patriot.' It was all the fault of that fly. The brother of the Hon. Mr.—came to our office this morning with a new and substantial-looking cane and reminded us of the mis-print.'

The Lazy Contributor on Frauds.

Editor Nationalist:

Some positive, persistent fools we know'
Who, if once wrong, will needs be always so.

Such is the sentiment expressed by Pope, in his poetical dissertation on criticism, as applicable to that touchstone of success—experience. Now, in contradistinction to the theory herein promulgated, or rather as an indubitable argument in behalf of the dogma, that every general rule has its exception, I propose avoiding Scylla without being engulfed in Charybdis, the twin perils so often fatal to the youthful *voyageur* on the Ocean of Literature. Whence this remark? Inasmuch as in my last, I had no intention of declaring open war against any great proportion of our community, and inasmuch as the many interviews I have since been compelled to undergo, made it necessarily incumbent upon me, in deference to the desire I still fondly cherish for the preservation of the unity, integrity and welfare of my physical organization, to bestow to my friends no more tight boots, until I shall be convinced that they have no corns. This state of affairs has been occasioned by the distress I have experienced in observing the subterfuges and sophisms adopted by some of my acquaintances, in order to convince themselves that the *formulæ*, given by me, could not be satisfactorily applied to them. Now whilst I do not wish to controvert the reasons which may induce a man to trace the origin of his branch to every new *species* discovered, I do not readily indorse every new theory or assume the responsibility of vouching for the accuracy of the conclusions at which these investigators might arrive. The purport of this communication will be to present to your organ of percipiency, in *propria persona*, the constituent elements of a class, which, by reason of its unparalleled growth and increasing prevalency, has reached a position in the "Mighty, Great and Free Republic," that at once brands as infamous, any attempt to deny its existence or even ignore its actual presence. This class has been transferred to "Jonathan" for baptism, and he has been pleased to bestow upon the gosling the title of "Fraud;" with the appendage of "Bilk" the latter for use only on occasions, when the former seems inexpressive, or lack a proper degree of emphasis. Frauds are of every conceivable shape, size, color and temperament. They seem indigenous to our soil, flourishing equally well in the East and the West, and reaping a perpetual harvest North and South. Like poll-tax gatherers, they penetrate every crevice and leave no spot in the land untouched by their influence. They abound in endless variety in all large cities; are found at all our fashionable watering places and summer resorts, and often permeating through an "ocean of wastes and deserts" (or waste sand deserts), indicate their presence in some obscure village by their peculiar method of "doing" the inhabitants thereof. Our own community offers the most striking illustration of the effects which may be produced when the prime agent is Fraud, and the prime actors form a band linked together for this common cause. We have gas corporations, water companies, railroads, and companies establishing baloon connection with the moon, appealing for subsidy and aid to a community that for years has been crushed to the earth by the exorbitant rates exacted by the dispensors of such commodities as these "circular slingers" propose to vend. After selling their commodities to a confiding public, they usually end by selling the public itself. The way that the little thing is managed is to perfect a secret treaty, and confront the world with a consolidated solidarity of humbug and monopoly. This species of liberality is truly idealistic of Fraud personified. Another member of the Fraud family is the pseudo religious Fraud, and from this "glut" O, Lord deliver us! Having the outer semblance of a saint of Heaven, he possesses many of the traits which are said to characterize his satanic majesty and the angels that surround his throne. Corn-salve dealers, Indian corn doctors, cure-alls and kill-alls are entitled to as wide a berth as the width of a street will conveniently permit. They form a class of Frauds that is constantly obtruding itself on our notice; and the effect of their skill is made manifest by the experience of such hopeless imbeciles as are unfortunate enough to permit themselves to be offered as sacrifices upon the "altar of genius," dedicated to these nostrum venders. There is another system of Fraud practiced much of late which seems to enjoy an undue popularity, if we may judge by the number of practitioners engaged therein. I refer to the "lecture mania" which spreads with an annoying rapidity unequalled by anything save the epizooty. Every hair-brained crack-skull, possessing any symptoms whatever of idiocy, declares himself to be a philosopher, and forthwith placards the town with announcements to lecture. Securing a moderately good-sized audience, he essays his task, and after struggling for an hour or more, in the toils which seem to beset his subject, the lecturer succeeds in demonstrating to a certainty—that he possesses no more knowledge of this subject than the editors of our live dailies do of truth. Then there are some chronic Frauds which affect the political atmosphere previous to election storms. These are easily recognized in those withered remnants of mortality—those superannuated political hacks—whose perseverance or "cheek" enables them to stand "once again" before an appreciative public for Congressional or Legislative honors. These reflectors of a bygone age have been identified with every species of jugglery attempted in the political world during the past thirty years; they have been enrolled among the components of every schism and party formed during this era; and, in spite of the multifarious changes to which they have subjected their organ of opinion, they still remain the same leprous cancers on the body politic; while they silently attest that

"All would be deem'd, e'en from the cradle, fit
To rule in politics, as well as wit;
The grave, the gay, the fopling and the dunce,
Start up (God bless us) statesmen all at once!"

A pernicious system, consequent upon the dawn of shoddy, introduces to us another character—one gifted with all the qualifications and possessing all the characteristics usually predominating in a first-class Fraud—the nobleman or sprig of nobility, anxious to consume a portion of his immeasurable wealth in seeing the world. Unhappily for the honor of our Republican institutions there exists in our land a "garret-bred" aristocracy which, in the sublimity of its imagination, cherishes the idea that

"'Tis from high life high characters are drawn;
A saint in crape is twice a saint in lawn;
A judge is just; a chancellor juster still;
A gownsman, learn'd; a bishop, what you will;
Wise, if a minister; but if a king,
More wise, more learn'd, more just, more everything."

In conformity with this platform of broad Democratic principles, our American nobility leave no stone unturned, no step untried to form alliances between their marriageble daughters and these scions of European houses. In their eagerness to consummate these grand projects, they almost universally neglect to examine the credentials of the traveling scion. Upon the completion of their plans, a grand marriage feast is celebrated, public announcements sent forth, and the whole atmosphere made redolent with the odor of nobility. But "time works wonders" and a change comes o'er the scene. The groom whilst "daily awaiting remittances from home," is unfortunate enough to encounter a bootblack, who recognizes him as a former brother artist, and in the exuberance of his fraternal joy makes no effort to conceal the fact. An explosion succeeds in the social sphere, "Lucinda" returns to her parents, and our spring of nobility to his brushes and Day & Martin's polish.

Other breeds of these social parasites come under my ocular observation, but more than a casual glance at them would necessitate too great a tresspass upon your columns, and so I glide by them, merely introducing them as they pass in review. There comes first the consequential fraud, who, by reason of his high connections, is upon terms of most familiar friendship with all distinguished personages; but who invariably coins an excuse when you seek his influence with some autocrat. Next you see a variety which should be termed the charity fraud, inasmuch as the province of this one seems to be the collection of funds to assist the poor and needy; and who manages to make his collections in such a manner as enables him to *earn* better wages than he could possibly command were he to devote his talent and energies to a legitimate occupation. Here we see the military fraud, by which, of course, I mean those combinations of red-tape and tinsel rejoicing in the possession of titles, and who, enjoying the most comprehensive knowledge of war and its concomitants, secure exemption when required, by pleading some chronic ailment, generally *sufficiently serious* to guarantee them respite. Next we have—

But I surmise you'll be classifying me under the head of "Oratorical Frauds" unless I desist from this apparentally illimitable harangue. I shall do so with the greatest *animosity* imaginable, and in doing so permit me to observe that you'll again hear a growl from the

Lazy Contributor.

[There is no need to call our long-winded friend an oratorical fraud till we see where the oratory comes in. He forgot to mention the patent frauds who exhibit a genius for confusing useless knowledge.—Ed.]

"The Memory of the Dead."

[John F. Finerty, at the banquet of the Irish Literary Society, Chicago.]

Even in this hour of transient pleasure, although neither time nor taste will permit me to trespass upon your courtesy, I feel that we could not let pass in utter silence that sentiment which has sunk so deep in Ireland's heart,—the memory of her gallant dead. What words of mine can emblazon the names that throng the muster roll? The forlorn hope of a desperate cause, in bearing the country's flag they died, as the brave must ever die, with honor. To Ireland they have given their lives; to us their example; to history their renown. The heroism has redeemed a nation's overthrow; their blood, poured out in holy warfare, has not flowed in vain, but has risen before the Eternal Throne to plead for their fallen land. I cannot name them all, and out of this proud array must select the chief among the heroes whose deeds most signalize our history. And, first, we will honor the memory of him who was first in war and sagest in council—whose daring genius so long held Ulster soil sacred to Irish freedom—the shield of the Blackwater and scourge of the invador—Hugh O'Neill. Far, far from Tyrone he is laid in Roman clay, beside the classic Tiber, and the stately ruins of antiquity sentinel his sleep. Bright be the remembrance of his kinsman. Owen Roe—the soldier of Benburb—who won his spurs with Spanish steel and now rests "calmly laureled" in Irish earth, beneath the aisle of Cavan Abbey. We will pledge the name of Patrick Sarsfield, the flash of whose sword still gleams upon the Shannon, and lights with martial memories the riven walls of Garryowen. He fell in Flanders, charging for the *Fleur de lis* on that immortal day when King William's flag went down before the shock of Luxemburg, on the plains of Neerwinden. Let us join in honoring the memories of Lords Mountcashel and Clare, Count Dillon, and all the soldiers and chiefs of the "Old" and "New" brigades, who fell fighting for France and for Ireland, from the dykes of Brabant to the vales of Savoy; from the walls of Mannheim to the spires of Almanza. In the darkest days of Ireland's destiny, their swords won laurels for her brow, and maintained her proscribed banner in the front rank of European chivalry. And now, for the men of latter times: We will hope that our country may yet reclaim from the alien gloom of Westminstar—rank with the bodies of Ireland's foes—the relics of her Grattan, whose voice was "the breath of liberty." Green be the sods of Kildare, and loving the shamrocks' twine in the church-yard of Bedenstown, above the mouldering bones of Ireland's knightliest rebel—the boldest heart that ever throbbed for a country's love—Theobold Wolfe Tone. With him let us honor the last of the Geraldines—they died with Lord Edward. Sacred be the tears of our motherland that, like dew from her summer skies, still fall upon the grave that bears no name, and "brighten with verdure" the bed of her hero. Freedom shall ever guard the memory of O'Connell, and his fame, to future generations, shall loom proudly as the pillar-tower which the tribute of a nation has raised above his tomb. In honoring Thomas Davis, we will pray that from his ashes, which sanctify the slopes of Mount Jerome, his countrymen may still draw the inspiration of his patriot soul. A place, friends, with our best and bravest, to the humble but heroic martyrs of Manchester, who, murdered by English law, rot in felon graves, "cold and unhonored," beneath the soil of Lancashire. And now to all, of whatever rank, or race, or creed, who have struggled, suffered, and died for Ireland, be honor and proud remembrance. Whether they sleep in kindly Irish earth, or on the shores of distant lands, peace be to them, one and all. Whether they died in the stormy van of victory, in the rear-guard of vanquished valor, on the scowling scaffold, in the loathsome dungeon, or by the lingering agony of hope deferred and aspirations unfulfilled, duty has consecrated their doom, and glory will embalm their memories. To us they have bequeathed the pride of their fidelity—the halo of their fame—a bright example to lift our hearts above sordid surroundings and guide our thoughts to loftier hopes and nobler ambitions. They have taught us, with Davis, to pray for our country:

May freedom be her every breath—
Be Justice ever dear,
And never an ennobled death
May son of Ireland fear!

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Ladies' Scoll Vamp, Double Sole Bals	$2 00
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THE NATIONALIST

SAN FRANCISCO, MAY 17, 1873.

"Who is abject enough to despair of the Cause of Right, and Truth, and Freedom?"

JOHN MITCHELL, Oct. 25th, 1853.

OUR PAPER.

Wanted. Immediately,

The Friends of Ireland, and the Friends of Universal Freedom, to subscribe for

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At the meeting of the new Board of Directors of the NATIONALIST Printing and Publishing Company, on Wednesday last, the organization was completed and is as follows:—

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THE IRISH POLICE.

We have never yet been accused of having much affection for the protection of British law and order. American and English policemen we have not respected as useful and exemplary citizens; but we have had for the last half century or near it a crow to pluck with Irish peelers. In the beginning, they themselves didn't know where they stood. They are now beginning to find it out. Many of them entered the force, metropolitan or constabulary as the case might be, with the best of good intentions; but finding themselves surrounded by corrupting influences or West British spies, they became either corrupt or powerless. The good things they intended to do were never done. Some of them even entered the Home organization; but beyond posting their officers on the contemplated moves of the Castle people, they could effect nothing. It is fair to say that they were instrumental in saving a lot of people from imprisonment. Many of them would form an Irish national guard, and fight for Irish liberty if they could be convinced that Irish republicanism is not a sham or anything more than a pretext for tall talk.

The representative men of the Irish police sent over to the Hyde Military School were pronounced by competent authority to form physically the finest battallion in Europe. Some of the "force," by the employment of talent in the worst of bad ways, have earned for themselves the detestation of every man claiming to be honest or patriotic. The black sheep, however, are not the majority of the flock. Many who left the ranks in Ireland, have made high reputations in America. The police at home, feeling keenly the distrust and hatred with which they are met by the people, have turned at last to consider what they get from the British Government for doing its vilest work. Hundreds are therefore leaving, and when news of their welfare and prosperity here is carried back, other hundreds will imitate the example. The wages paid for undyed scoundrelism, such as is often unfortunately called for in the line of the Irish policeman, is so little that one could not employ a fifth rate Chinaman for it. It was no wonder therefore, that the constabulary men a short while ago struck for an additional half crown (60 cents) a week. Now is it any wonder that the big fellows of the Metropolitan police are now contemplating a strike for an additional two and tuppence. If we had any influence—we know we havn't with the honest men who ignorantly cast their lot with the enemies of Ireland, we would say, come in a body to California, and you must get at least full Chinese wages. When we prove ourselves ready and *able*—able particularly—to put the "Green above the Red," we can have ninety per cent of the West British peelers to look the world straight in the face, an operation which they decline at present. When we shall have made Irish independence tolerably certain, we can get them and a lot of other friends to prove the truth of Tom Dooley's axiom, that there is nothing so successful as success itself.

HISTORY.

Looking over the files of Irish-American newspapers to hand we are utterly amazed by the waste of space. Column after column of the clouded history of the past moves in review before us. The ghosts of "King Harry," "Queen Bess," and "Bloody Oliver" are paraded in print until the senses are shocked by the picture. The perpetual publication of such records assists in making bigots; they are a useless class. Ireland wants heroes.

Nero fiddled while Rome was burning, and the Irish in America are fiddling with a heap of rubbish called history, and at a time when they should be engaged in whetting their sabres. The history of the past shows that we lost fifty battles for every one we gained. To the majority of men this sort of history is a warning. In it there is no encouragement to strike another stroke for liberty and Fatherland. The readers of past history forget that we never had a fair field against the English in Ireland. Under the old military and naval systems we were completely at the mercy of the brutal foe; but the steam engine puffed, electricity flashed and Europe became a parish. Our old friend France with her magnificent fleets and armies were placed within six hours of Ireland in any weather and the result is England is ready to purchase the friendship of the old land at any price. And the people of the old land must sell their heroic swords to their old foes if the people of this new land make no great move *in time*.

England is wise. She watches the new revolution and she compels her selfishness to hide behind her wisdom. She knows that scientific skill is the great Captain of the present age. She trembled at the roar of his great guns outside Paris, and was white with terror when she saw the bravest nation in the world surrender her cities and her swords to modern science. The new revolution is a great reformer. The power that is not directed by scientific skill is nothing better than a broken reed. The Irish in America are nearly a third of the population of the great Republic. Thirteen millions! Do they repsesent a power? Yes; but it is in atoms. Of such material to make a great power and use it ought to be the first thought in the head of every Irishman who has a clear mind and any skill in the art of concentrating atoms. The pages of the NATIONALIST are open to men of this class. We invite them to present the people with plans of the system of organization that will enable the Irish in America to move as one man, become the terror of England and the right hand of The Republic. The history of the past is played out. It is time to begin to write our future history. Those who wish to assist in this work will close the old book and begin to study the art of organization. Marching counter-marching and pic-nicing are very amusing but it is all flash; it means fun not work. We must have a new splendid system and when the chief at St. Louis or New York stamps his foot he must be sure that all Irishmen are ready to march and obey in good order. Is the Irish mind in America able to present us with the perfect system of organization so much required.

Ignatian Picnic.

The Picnic of St. Ignatius' Literary Society on Thursday last was one of those successful social gatherings, the reccollection of which make us long for the return of an occasion which allows us to so thoroughly enjoy ourselves. The fineness of the day, the scenery of the locality selected, and the respectability of the people present were such as to make the most low-spirited happy. Many distinguished citizens took advantage of such a select reunion to get away from the sandhills and enjoy a little rural scenery; and the presence of a majority of ladies gave additional charm to what was in itself interesting.

"IDOLATRY OR CHRISTIANITY."—M. B. Starr, the appointed lecturer for the Workingmen's Alliance, organized in Sacramento, March 11th, 1873, by a delegation of respectable citizens, composed of farmers, mechanics, miners and others to oppose the immigration or importation of heathen idolators or any kind of servile labor into the United States, will speak at Dashaway Hall, on Wednesday, May 21st, 1873, at eight o'clock P. M. Subject:—"Idolatry or Christianity, Which?" Mr. Starr will lecture in Marysville May 19th; in Stockton May 20th in San Francisco 21st; San Jose 22d; Oakland 23d; San Francisco 24th; and these lectures will be continued till our citizens are fully roused as to the necessity of taking prompt action in dealing with the matter.

FAMILIES AND SINGLE GENTLEMEN.—Few Parties can please the two. T. P. Wall, an administrative genius at 50 Third street, is trying it, and claims to have the best of proof—solid coin—that his trial is a success. He wishes to afford the families that patronize his store a select article in the line of wines and liquors; and to set before the connoisseurs that come in to sample a something in the way of Irish drinks and American "fixings" that will please the most fastidious. In order to accommodate the patrons of his increasing business and sustain the popularity of his house, which he has called the "Cosmopolitan Sample," he has enlarged and beautified the premises, and this evening will open the new rooms and entertain his numerous friends. We'll be round, "a chief among 'em, takin' notes," Whether we'll print 'em or not, is a question for next week.

Testimonial to John Mitchel.

[From The Irishman.]

It is impossible not to desire that our own Irish nation should take any occasion which may offer to overtly demonstrate before men the high impulses which quicken its heart. Aliens would be struck dumb could we show an array of awards, such as Athens might have shown. Many of the monuments they have, indeed, destroyed, but that makes it all the more imperative on us now to labor in our generation to approve ourselves worthy as a nation. Some signal awards are assuredly made visible towering over the spawn of servile meanness. Such are the statutes decreed to O'Connell, O'Brien, Davis, Matthew, Burke, Goldsmith, Grattan and Sarsfield. But all of these honors, with the exception of one of the statutes to the first-named, have been posthumous honors, granted when the tomb had closed over the man whose services to the nation merited the manifestation of its gratitude.

The Greeks and Romans did not content themselves with that; they had their reward for the living as well as their recognition for the services of the dead. Less should not satisfy us; and, in truth, the Irish nation has upon more than one occasion shown a civic spirit equal to the best displayed in ancient days. We all admire the genius of Grattan, but as we should have been ashamed to speak of him as our countryman had our ancestors treated him with neglect, so are we now glad to name him, because we can feel pride in belonging to the people who decreed him a mansion and estate. What Irishman could name O'Connell without a blush of crimson, had Irishmen left him to labor for them, without contributing of their means to share in the labor performed for them?

For such and similar reasons we have ventured to invite the attention of the Irish people to the fact that an epoch approaches when we shall have an opportunity of sustaining and elevating the reputation of our nation by proving to the world that it remembers with grateful recognition the services of which it has been the object; solely because of his ardent love of country. Solely because of his strenuous desire to serve the cause of all Irishmen, in sad and desperate days; solely for these two things John Mitchell has been enduring the pains and anguish of exile for twenty-five years.

The completion of the term of a quarter of a century will soon arrive, and then will come the time for proving to him that Ireland is grateful, and to the world that the Irish nation deserves because it can appreciate and recognize heroic and magnanimous conduct. Sympathy enough has been already displayed to justify us in proceeding with the suggested project, and with the formation of a committee to which we shall resign the honorable charge of carrying it out. Letters of approval have reached us from patriotic men whose co-operation has been promised, in good time. We would, however, impress upon the minds of all true Irishmen, whose desires in this matter coincide with ours, that they should organize without delay, for in these matters promptitude lends a wondrous grace. It is not our intention to allow the project to drag—if it were even necessary to press such a thing as this upon the attention of the people (to whose honor it pertains) we would reject the task. That we made the suggestion at all is evidence that we believed we spoke to a chivalrous nation, to whom such a project would be very acceptible and most welcome.

There have been many claims upon the Irish nation recently, and nobly has it responded, without delay or failure. But this is a case apart; it is not at all a question of money but of acknowledgment, the world will not consider the greater or less magnitude of the sum, but the fact of an expression of national gratitude. Nor will the recipient think of the value of the golden shamrock wreath, but of the land from which it comes, and of the people whose grateful love it honorably declares. For he indeed, is one who with sincere heart could say:—

"O Pilgrim, if you bring me from the far-off lands a sign,
Let it be some token still of the dear old land, once mine;
A shell from the shores of Ireland would be dearer far to me
Than all the wines of the Rhine lands or art of Italie."

Marin County as a Health Resort.

The construction of the railroad will bring to Marin many invalids, and especially those who wish to engage or continue in business in San Francisco. The Sierra Nevada and Lake county in summer, and the southern coast throughout the year are no better than any part of our county for advanced cases of consumption. Many persons must have occupation in a city, and for these a residence near the metropolis is necessary. Nowhere else can they find one with a dry atmosphere and shelter against the ocean winds so near as within our borders. With a scanty area of fertile soil, with a small population, within fine roads leading to Bolinas or Bodega, with little advantage of any kind save in its scenery, climate and salubrity, it has become one of the most attractive spots in the State, and land has advanced to rates that astonish men who calculated its value only on the basis of wheat crops and pasturage. Soon a large part of the county will be made more convenient of access from San Francisco than San Rafael now is, and we must expect that when the cars run through to Olmena, many little valleys now of little value will be in demand for homes. We find in the New York *Medical Record* of May, 1872, some thermometrical statistics for San Rafael, prepared by Dr. H. A. Dubois, and they will apply equally well to much of the eastern shore of the county. They show that the mean temperature of January is 54 degrees, and of July, 60 degrees, the former 5 degrees and the latter 4 degrees warmer than San Francisco. The air is also much drier, and therefore better for diseases of the respiratory organs.—*Saucelito Herald.*

The Cheapest

Dry Goods Store

....IN....

San Francisco

J. J. O'BRIEN'S,

606 Market Street.

☞ Our Prices are now arranged to Suit the Times.

BLACK SILKS,
COLORED SILKS,
STRIPED SILKS,
JAPANESE SILKS,
IRISH POPLINS,

25 PER CENT LESS THAN REGULAR PRICES

Japanese, Striped, and Figured Poplins, now 12½ cents a yard.
Handsome Striped and Plain Poplins, 15, 20, and 25 cents a yard.
Fine All Wool Empress Cloths (all colors), 37½ cents a yard.
Plain Pongee Poplins, reduced to 30 cents a yard.
Black and Colored Cretonne Poplins ($1 quality) 75 cents a yard.
Poplin Alpacas (all colors) 30 cents a yard.
ALL SPRING DRESS GOODS Reduced to Half Price.
Broche and Striped Shawls Reduced to Half Price.
300 pieces French Corded Pique (60-cent quality), 25 cents a yard.
Grass Linens, Percales, and Chambrays, all reduced.
100 pieces Tasso Linens (new Fabric), 12½ cents a yard.
Hand Loom Table Linens (50-cent quality), 30 cents a yard.
Large Size All Linen Napkins 85 cents a dozen, and upward.
Large Size All Linen Towels, 90 cents a dozen, and upward.
Marseilles Spreads marvellously cheap.
All widths and makes of Sheetings, reduced in price.
Wamsutta, New York Mills, Lonsdale, White Rock, and all good brands of Muslins SOLD AT ACTUAL COST.
Nottingham Lace and Lace Curtains Sold Cheap.

Black Goods
OFFERED
Remarkably Cheap!

☞ A few lots of Soiled Hosiery, cheap.
Ladies' Merino Underwear, cheap.
French Wove Corsets, from 25 cents a pair upward.
500 dozen Ladies' and Gents' French Kid Gloves (slightly soiled), 50 cents a pair.

A Call Respectfully Solicited,

J. J. O'BRIEN,
606 Market Street,
Near Montgomery.

Samples and Price Lists sent free, on application, to any part of the State or Pacific Coast. my17-tf

P. H. MORRISEY'S
Family Grocery Store
Continues to supply Families with
GROCERIES AND PROVISIONS.
Wines and Liquors of the Best Quality constantly on hand.
The business continues to be conducted by MR. P. H. LYDON, who does his best to give satisfaction to customers. my17-tf

COL. W. W. SWADLEY,
SUPERINTENDENT OF
Valparaiso Mining Company
306 Montgomery Street.....SAN FRANCISCO.
my17-1m

P. F. Brady,
LA GRANDE EXCHANGE,
610 MARKET STREET,
And No. 11 Post Street....(Opposite Masonic Temple,)
SAN FRANCISCO.
The reputation of the La Grande for the excellence of its Wines, Liquors and Cigars is always maintained. my17-tf

DONNELLY & KERR,
30 MONTGOMERY STREET, (Opposite Lick House.)
SAN FRANCISCO.
Wines and Liquors
OF THE BEST QUALITY CONSTANTLY ON HAND. my17-tf

NEW YORK SALOON,
JOHN KELLY.....Proprietor
No. 840 Market street, (Opposite Fourth.)
LONDON and DUBLIN STOUT.
PURE IRISH WHISKEY.
The best brands of Wines, Liquors and Cigars constantly on hand. my17-tf

J. D. Callaghan, M. D.
PHYSICIAN, SURGEON & ACCOUCHEUR,
OFFICE....No. 748 Market street, (Opposite Bancroft's.)
RESIDENCE.....No. 852 Folsom street.
SAN FRANCISCO.
Office Hours—From 10 A. M. to 12 M.; 2 P. M. to 4 P. M., and 6 P. M. to 7 P M. ap12-tf

CALIFORNIA THEATRE.
MR. JOHN McCULLOUGH.....Proprietor and Manager
Saturday, May 17th, 1873.
LAST NIGHT of the Engagement of
MRS. D. P. BOWERS,
Mr. John McCullough.....as.....DUKE ARANZA
....IN THE....
Honeymoon.
The Performance will commence with the play of
The Stranger.
To conclude with Mr. Tobin's comedy
The Honeymoon
MONDAY, MAY 19,
Mr. Barton Hill.

GRAND
Picnic and Ball
....OF THE....
FATHER MATTHEW
Total Abstinence
—AND—
Benevolent Society,
....AT....
WOODWARD'S GARDENS,
....ON....
Thursday, May 22d, 1873.

During the BALL the CALCIUM LIGHT will illuminate the Pavilion, and other attractions will be introduced.
No effort will be spared on the part of the Society to make this Picnic as pleasant and attractive as possible.

TICKETS:
Adults.....Fifty Cents.
Children.....Twenty-five Cents.
my17-td

GRAND
ANNUAL PICNIC AND FESTIVAL
....OF....
DIVISION NO. 7, A. O. H.,
....AT THE....

City Gardens,
....ON....
Sunday, June 15, 1873.

The Committee in charge will leave nothing undone to make this festival the most attractive of the Season.
The Dancing Platform having undergone thorough repair, lovers of dancing are assured a good time. Those who may desire to engage in other simple and pleasant amusement will have ample opportunity. Prizes will be awarded to the best lady and gentleman dancers. Our lady patrons will have the exclusive use of the Shooting Gallery, and prizes will be awarded to the best shot. Various other games will be introduced.
my10-tf.

CHILION BEACH,
IMPORTER OF
Books and Fine Stationery,
No. 5 Montgomery St.,
(Masonic Temple) San Francisco.
☞ Monograms and Crests Artistically Designed and Engraved. Constantly in Receipt of New Books and the Very Latest Styles of Stationery. Initial Stamping without Charge. Wedding and Visiting Cards Written, Engraved or Printed. Also, Names Written on Handkerchiefs.

THE NATIONALIST.

SAN FRANCISCO, MAY 17, 1873.

CITY NEWS OF THE WEEK.

The real estate men take a hopeful view of the future of San Francisco. It is as well to indulge occasionally in praise as well as blame. One of our dailies thus puts the case—Our location makes us the central city of the State and gives our port a monopoly of the commerce of the Pacific. The railroad system centers here, and beginning, as it does, before the interior towns have been extensively built up, our advancement is assured. Our Winter climate makes our city a desirable residence. The Summer heats send more people from the interior to enjoy our diurnal winds than from the city to enjoy country pleasures. The formation of the peninsula lying between bay and ocean climates confine the city limits at most to thirty-six square miles, the area of our extension. We have already nearly two hundred thousand inhabitants, and are rapidly increasing in population. Our houses are fully occupied; our hotels and boarding houses are over crowded, and it is estimated by intelligent persons engaged in the business of renting houses that there is now a demand for 3,000 to 4,000 dwellings in excess to the present supply.

The Modoc unpleasantness has received various unexpected developments. One of them is the following from an old a well known frontiersman who offers for $100,000 to the *Chronicle* to clean out the Modocs. He says: "I was elected by the whites in the Modoc county twenty-three years ago, and afterward commissioned by the State to protect the frontiers till the General Government would send troops to do so. There are several gentlemen in this city konw that I whipped those same Indians, not with twenty men to their one man, nor one man to their one, for sometimes I had to fight them when they had twenty men to my one. If the General Government or the State Government will deposit with the Hon. Milton S. Latham $100,000 in U. S. gold coin to be paid to me after the work is accomplished, and if a live fighting Modoc can be found in the lava bed, or anywhere else sixty days after the money is deposited I will not demand nor receive a cent. Respectfully, yours. JAMES MCMAHON.
Ex-Captain of the Klamath Rangers.

During the week Thomas B. Eldridge State Translator contested the will of his wife on the ground of undue influence having been used to that extent as to cause her to ignore him in the will. His wife before her death brought suit against him for divorce, but they were not divorced. Eldridge was asked by the counsel for proponents whether he had any difficulty with his wife. He replied: "Not any more than any gentleman" would have who lives with his mother-in-law." The estate is valued at about $3,500.

Since last February there has been a scarcity of money in the Street Department Fund, and much distress is thereby occasioned to a large number of poor laboring men who have been employed by the city. The demands on this Fund now audited and unpaid amount to about $40,000.

The Board of Education which is considered of more importance than its composition entitles it to held its regular weekly session on Tuesday evening, and as usual wound up by a disgraceful wrangle over the nomination of a gentleman for examining teachers.

The concert at St. John's Presbyterian church on Tuesday evening was a decided Musical treat. The Church was crowded by a large and fashionable audience.

Street-car travel is now very slack. The companies will gain nothing by their combination to put up the fares. The miserable flimsy tickets which are now issued are a complete fraud.

James Gannon who so cowardly assaulted the Editor of the *Evening Post* had a preliminary trial before Judge Louderback on Tuesday, and was held to bail fixed at $2,000 to answer before the Grand Jury on a charge of assault.

Mrs. Fair is determinod not to retire into obscurity but keeps her name constantly before the public by appealing to the courts against every person with whom she has had any business. She now offers Judge Quint $2,500 as settlement for the judgment of $2,900 but the Judge requires the full amount. Last week Mrs. Fair obtained a verdict against the proprietors of Platt's Hall for $50 which may induce her to try a like game again.

Budd Doble the Eastern Jockey has not only succeeded in winning all the money from our sports but closes his visit to this state by taking away with him the wife of A. S. Snyder, a builder on Halleck street much to that gentleman's disgust.

What are we going to do about it? The profitable business which has been monopolized by the Pacific Mail Steam Ship Company of bringing the surplus population of China to compete with white labor in this country has induced English ship owners to place their steamers on the China passenger line. The Altona steamer is the first, and brings 500 Chinese passengers. Others are expected.

Small-pox has again appeared. The quarantine officer has reported five cases on board the steamer Japan among the Chinese.

Very nearly two thousand Chinamen have been added to our population within twenty-four hours, by the arrival of the Altona and the Japan In a few days the Lord of the Isles will be here with another thousand or so, and as she is the pioneer of a new line, we may hereafter count on receiving about four thousand Chinamen per month in the regular way, beside what will be brought here on transient vessels.

A few days ago a trunk manufacturer in this city was offered the use of as many Chinamen as he could work for six months, free of cost. He could not complain about the price, but he perceived that the Chinamen merely wanted to learn his trade, and then set up an opposition establishment, and he declined the offer. The Chinese problem is rapidly finding its own solution.

Mandel & Co., cigar makers, have determined upon discharging their entire force of Chinese operatives and employing girls in their places.

The Panama steamer Constitution sailed on Monday last with $71,000 in treasure for England and Central America, and merchandise to the value of $61,000.

By Sunday night's train one hundred and fifty soldiers, under command of Captain Wright, arrived from New York.

The cars of the Omnibus Railroad Company still continue to run only to the corner of Jackson and Montgomery streets; but to-day they will commence running over the entire route.

Miss Frazer, who succeeded in obtaining a verdict against W. W. Thrift for $12,000 damages for breach of promise, is not likely for some time to get her money, as further time has been granted Thrift to perfect an appeal to the Supreme Court.

The San Francisco Literary and Dramatic Society will give a complimentary entertainment early next month, preparatory to their tour through the State. They will on this occasion present the unsurpassed drama of "Robert Emmet." Judging from the appearance of the Society on former occasions a rare treat may be anticipated.

The Chamber of Commerce held their annual meeting on Tuesday evening, Vice-President. William T. Coleman presiding. On account of the slim attendance the election of officers was postponed for two weeks. The report of the Secretary gave great satisfaction as it showed the number of members to be two hundred and twenty five, and the financial affairs in a flourishing condition. The Chamber enters upon the year with $725 66 on hand, and is free of liabilities. During the year fifty-one volumes, twenty-seven pamphlets and one map were added to the library. The Secretary's report showed receipts to the amount of $2,69$ 83, and expenditures amounting to $1968 17, leaving balance on hand of $725 66.

On Monday E. S. Tibbey, stock-broker, filled a petition in bankruptcy in the United States District Court. The total amount of his liabilities is $164,000 and his assets *nil*. Eastman and Neumann are his attorneys. Among his heaviest creditors are G. C. Brading for $35,017 20; Paul Neumann, $8,274 25; T. W, Mulford, $5,000; D. McLennan, $4,500; H. P. Wakelee, $10,000; and W. B. Bourne, $4,418.

Among the numercus Dry Goods' houses in this city there are several very favourably known thro' their location and by their display of goods, but for quality of goods and lowness of price, O'Brian, 606 Market street, takes the palm. The store runs through from Market to Post street, and directly under this office; consequently we cannot help noticing the immense business that is there transacted, and the number of gentlemen required to attend to customers is surprising.

The street car combination is a decided wrong on the public. Charging ten cents for a single fare or six and a quarter cents for what they charge but five for at the office is a swindle and the public should resent it by refusing to ride on the cars while such a rule exists. The people have it in their power by such action to compel those monopolists to do what is right.

A most disgraceful legal squable is now going on about the burial of the remains of Devine. It appears that the law provides that the Coronor shall attend all legal executions in person, and issue a certificate of burial. Sheriff Adams notified the Coronor to be present at the execution on Wednesday. He (the Coroner) did not attend. Thursday morning McGinn the undertaker, went to the Health officer to get the burial certificate, but the Health officer declined to issue the permit until the Coroner had certified that death was the result of legal execution. This the Coroner refuses to do until an autopsy of the body is made, for Father Spreckles withholds his permission. McGinn cannot bury the remains unless the permit is issued, without incurring a penalty of $500, and thus the matter at present stands. Had the Coroner attended to his duty, he could have signed the death certificate, and all this disgraceful trouble would have been averted.

The excursion of the Jackson Dragoons to Badgers Park was, we are glad to say a grand success in every respect. They had no pecuniary object in the pic-nic beyond a benevolent one—the aiding of the Rev. Mr. Gleeson in his human efforts to make decent people out of the "cusses" across the Bay. Capt. Greany indulged his Irish taste and lavish ways by providing eatibles and champagne for all guests invited several fine speeches were made and the whole wound up with every body satisfied.

The annual Examination of the students of St. Mary's College has begun, and promise to sustain fully the high reputation held by that institution for hard work and sterling scholarship. We will have something to say on the point next week.

Baron McGinn may not be the general appointed at Washington to the command of the Department of the Pacific; but his administrative talent displayed to immense advantage on Wednesday last proves that he can put all the Colonels round San Francisco through their facings. He succeeded in getting up and bringing to a complete finish one of the most elaborate and best conducted as well as best attended military funerals which have ever taken place in San Francisco. The splendid turn-out of the State militia, the Irish contingent being more than well represented, and the general "get up" of the cortege which the city has given in honor of General Canby's record are all extremely creditable to McGinn's keen sense of the propriety of things.

MARKET REPORT.

WHEAT—Sales are principally reported at $1 85@1 95, though $1 97½ and even $2 has been obtained; but the latter figure, however, is an extreme one at present writing. The market is comparatively, at a stand-still, there being quite a difference between the views of buyers and sellers. We note a disposition on the part of some large purchasers to break down the present advanced rates by offering to purchase below the market quotations. Although such sales may be reported; the market is generally considered firm at $1 95@1 67½ for choice quality. Transactions include 1,000 ctls choice milling at $2, an extreme figure; 300 tons shipping, private.

BARLEY—700 sks light brewing, $1 40.

OATS—400 sks Oregon, $2 20.

CORN—200 sks White, $1 25: 200 sks Yellow, $1 30 ₱ 100 ₱ lbs.

POTATOES—100 sks Bodega, 95c; 200 sks Humboldt, $1 25 ₱ 100 lbs,

FEED—1,000 sks Bran sold at $25 ₱ ton.

HAY—From $14 to $22 ₱ ton will cover the range for fair to choice.

FLOUR—Market quiet at $5 50@6 for jobbing lots of Extra. Sale of 2,000 bbls Vallejo and Yuba Superfine for China, private.

PROVISIONS—Eastern Hams, 15@17c, according to brand and quarity; Eastern Bacon, 11@13½c; light canvassed breakfast do, 14c. California Hams, 12½@15c; do Bacon, 13½@13c; Eastern Lard, 10½@11c fer tierces; do caddies, 12 1-2@13c. do fancy pails, 14 1-2@15c; California do, in tins, 11@12 1-2c; California smoked beef, sugar-cured, 11@12c ₱ lb; Prime Mess Pork, $16@17; Mess, 19@20 ₱ lb.

DAIRY PRODUCTS—Receipts of Butter more liberal and prices not quite so firm as last week, say 27@30c for good to choice; fair, 25@26c. California Cheese, 12@14c; Eastern Cheese, 15@18c for good to choice. Fresh California Eggs are plentiful at 22 1-2 @25c; 16,000 dozen Oregon received by steamer, selling at 20@21c; Eastern Eggs in full supply at 20@21c.

The Wool arrivals here yesterday and the day before were quite large. Since March 1st we have received 24,350 bales. The sales for the past week approximate 1,000,000 lbs. The demand is active and prices firm. Burry descriptions range from 12c. to 16c, while lots free of burrs sell at 17c to 22c. Occasionally, the mills pay an advance on the latter figure for an extra clip, long staple. The Boston Wool market on the 3d instant was thus reported.

CATTLE—Beef is plentiful, selling by the quarter at 5@7c. Calves, plenty, 5@7. Mutton 5@4 1-2c. Lambs, 7@8c. Hogs on foot are plentiful, but the demand is light; prices 6@7c for live, and dressed, 8@10c. the latter price for small.

BAGS AND BAGGING.—There is a very decided lull in the demand for all goods in the line. Farmers and dealers are inclined to wait a fortnight before making their purchases of Hessians or Burlap Grain Sacks. Prices are nominal. Standard Grain Sacks are offered at 15c for hand-sewed, and 14@14 1-2c for machine-sewed Burlaps, Hessians, 40-inch 11@11 1-2c; ditto, 45-inch, 12 1-2c; Wool Sacks, 65c and 70c: Cotton Flour Sacks, 13@16c for halves: 8 1-2@9 1-2c for quarters, 6,000,000 Wheat Sacks only wanted for export 1872-3.

GARLAND'S VEGETABLE COUGH DROPS are now acknowledged to be the best remedy known for all Throat and Lung Complaints. Physicians and all that have ever used them recommend them.

[Correspondence.]

The Chinese Question.

EDITOR NATIONALIST:—In a communication to you last week I showed what could be done by our Board of Supervisors to abate the Chinese nuisance. I propose now to consider what might be done by our State Legislature; provided the people themselves are united and sufficiently in earnest. And here it is proper to remark that the mere signing of petitions to Congress to modify the treaty with China, while eminently proper, is not our whole duty. The first and best of all places at which to prove our earnestness is at the ballot-box. Let us there vote for men to represent us who are owned by no clique; no monopoly; who have opinions of their own, and dare maintain them; who are not selfishly seeking their own aggrandizement at the expense of the community; but are actuated by honest motives, and an earnest desire to benefit the people whom they represent. If we unite and get men of this stamp to represent us in the next Legislature, much may be done in that body to mitigate this great and growing evil. It is stated upon what is believed to be good authority that one of the conditions. and the principal one, exacted by the Chinese Government, of the "companies" engaged in exporting coolies, is that the coolie shall be returned to China at the expiration of a certain period, alive or dead, thus proving its claims to the character of a paternal government, by retaining control of its subjects while alive, and of his bones when dead. And this is one of the reasons which enable those few powerful companies to retain such absolute control over the Chinese here. Should our Legislature enact a law to prevent them from exhuming and returning the bones of the dead to China—those living I have not the slightest objection to their returning at once—compelling them thus far to enrich our soil; and if such a law was enforced by proper penalties, would it not do much to prevent the irruption of this Godless horde? The State of New York still collects head-money, or a per capita tax from every immigrant arriving from Europe. Cannot the State of California collect head-money from the immigrant from Asia? And if New York collects four dollars per head, cannot California collect four dollars, aye, forty dollars per head? And if the law is declared unconstitutional, another can be enacted always with the purpose of discouraging this evil. At present all our efforts are directed to the encouragement of this immigration. The Chinese are the favored people. Do we not pay a subsidy of a million dollars a year to the Pacific Mail Steamship Company to enable them to get cheap transit to our shores? And do we not tax ourselves for their benefit when here; or for the benefit of those who employ them? For what else do we pay a high duty on woolen goods, but to enable the owners of our woolen factories to employ Chinese, who are brought here at the expense of the people, to charge the same prices for their goods as if manufactured by white labor, and grow rich while the people become poorer? Notwithstanding the general unanimity of all classes of people to discourage or prevent further immigration of Asiatic hordes, there are still some maudlin sentimentalists who encourage and defend them.

The *Alta California* has heretofore been the organ and mouthpiece of this "class." In its issue of the 11ht inst. the commercial editor says: "In respect of Asiatic labor the old dreary arguments are reiterated which half a century since were concocted by the old Whig party against 'Irish pauper labor,' and twenty years later, when the German movement commenced, the same outcry was raised. 'The pauper labor of Germany,' * * * * * all the old Whig claptrap, is now revived substituting Chinese for Irish and Germans." It is to be hoped the Irish and Germans feel truly grateful as men and brothers to this remarkable genius for classing them with the "Heathen Chinee." Of course, in the minds of a certain tribe which this editor is, or would be a representative, there are but two classes in the world—money lords and the humble workers—the latter all occupy one level, and the Chinee worker is just as good or rather better than the white worker "because he is more docile," does not require such good food nor clothes, nor is he so particular about his lodgings and surroundings, and above all he works so much cheaper. In the minds of this class the great desideratum for the country is cheap labor, and cheap labor is only the old and exploded doctrine of the Slaveocrat. We had in the United States a few years ago the cheapest system of labor ever devised—the system of negro slavery—but the nation found it an incubus, or worse, a cancer that was eating into its life, and at an expense of an ocean of blood and thousands of millions of treasure rid itself of the monster. The evil influences arising from that system in our Southern States is already felt here in the disinclination to labor or pursue any handicraft by our youth. It is assuming larger proportions day by day, and can we ask the young of either sex to go into the shop or factory and work side by side with the Chinee? No; cheap labor is not the chief requirement of a country; if it were, China would itself be the richest and most powerful country on the face of the earth. The truth is that countries in which labor is cheap are only "good countries to emigrate from." We have yet to see the towns and villages built up by the Chinee or the lands reclaimed and cultivated, or the industry established. Have they introduced the culture of rice or tea, or silk or any of the industries known to themselves? If they continue to flood the land what will become of the inventive genius which is the glory of our country? With coolies plenty what need of reaping machines or any of the thousand labor-saving machines? What stimulus will exist for invention? Will the coolie take the place of the ingenious and inventive Yankee? But this communication has already grown too long, and I will have to reserve the rest for next week.

ANGELO.

P. A. ESPINA.

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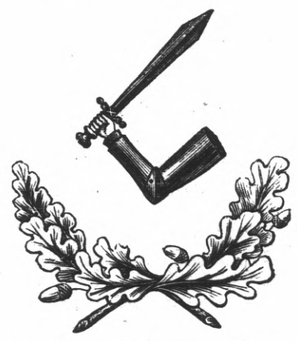

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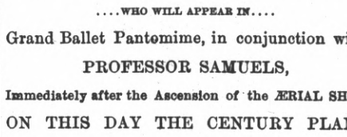

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THE NATIONALIST

SAN FRANCISCO, MAY 17, 1873.

Nationalist Publishing Company.

We have much pleasnre in recording the progress made by the NATIONALIST, particularly since it has become the property of the representative Irishmen of California. We give this week a list of the shareholders who have already paid their assessments, and expect to find a considerable number soon added to it. The names speak for themselves, and promise a brilliant future for our paper. With the generous support already received, and the patriotic exertions of our friends, there is no such word in our vocabularly as fail. The names of the following shareholders, except those of the last two, are inserted in the order in which the shares were sold.

M F Cummings,	J W Collins,
P M Toner,	Thomas Ryan,
F F Bryan,	Patrick McDonough,
Dr P J McEwan,	J A Hicks,
M J Gavan,	David Goggin,
Francis Foley,	Thomas Brannan,
John J Murphy,	Jas J Canniffe,
W V Gaffey,	M J Wrin,
John Kenealy,	M A Clarke,
James Allen,	John Hagan,
Thomas M Connolly,	Bernard Conlon,
Thos C Maher,	Thos McMamara,
Daniel Sweeney,	James Adams,
Patrick Holland,	John Flanigan,
James Barrett,	Daniel Harney,
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John Herber,	John Mallen,
Henry Heron,	Denis Coyne,
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Lawrence Curran,	M C Bateman,
Matthew Noonan,	Ed Noonan,
Thos McInery,	John O'Connor,
Hugh J Byrne,	R D Pitt,

T J Dixon.

India.

CAPTURE OF A CHIEF OF THE SEPOY MUTINEERS.

The India *Pioneer* receivedby the overland mail, says:

We have to announce the capture in the Bombay Presidency of Moulvie Liakat Ali, the Allahabad mutineer of 1857. Since that year he has been wandering up and down the country, preaching hostility to the British Government. From the narrative of the 6th of June, 1857, to be read below, it will be seen how important the capture is. At 9 o'clock on the evening of the 6th of June, 1857, the mutiny broke out in the station of Allahabad. A rocket was seen to be fired from the direction of Papamow, and quickly in answer another shot up from the cantonments. This flash had hardly left the sky when the roll of musketry told that the bloody work had begun. The accursed Sixth Regiment of Native Infantry had mutinied, and the officers, fifteen in all, were being murdered in their mess-room (now Bank of Bengal) by the men who, three hours before, had had read to them on parade a letter of thanks for their loyalty from Lord Canning, and had cheered lustily, crying out to be led against the rebels of Benares. Next day the green flag of the prophet was flying over the city Kotwali, and not a European (except those who had on the 4th taken the telegraphic warning of Gen. Wheeler from Cawnpore, and where safe within the fort) was alive at the station. Allahabad was in the possession of the Moulvie Liakat Ali. This ruffian is a native of Mahgaon, the most disaffected village of Chail, the most disaffected pergunnah of the district. He was a weaver by caste, and in 1857 was by trade a schoolmaster. The excessive sanctity of this bigot had gained for him the respect of his village, so that on the first outbreak of the rebellion the Mahometan zemindars of Chail, only too ready to follow any leader, placed Liakat Ali at their head, and marching into Allahabad, proclaimed him the Governor of the district in the name of the King of Delhi. His headquarters were fixed in the Khoosreo Bagh, and there the rebel court was held. Two nine-pounder guns, which had been sent by Colonel Simson the day before with a party of the Sixth Native Infantry to Daragunge, were dragged by the rebels to the gardens and put up inside the gate. For a week the Moulvie was in power. Fires, murders and rapine filled even the natives with horror; but there was no system in the outbreak, no concert between the mutineers. The Moulvie headed the Mahometans, while the Pragwal Brahmins carried with them the Hindoo population.

The troops fought on their own account. On the 11th of June Colonel Neill arrived in Allahabad and assumed command of the fort. On the 15th a grand attack was made by a party of Fusiliers, Sikhs and irregulars of Kydgunge and Moteegunge, supported by a steamer moving up the Jumna with a howitzer and some riflemen on board. The rebels were beaten at every point, and the troops followed them up closely. The terror of approaching punishment soon broke up the Moulvie's camp in the Khoosroo Bagh; and on the night of the 16th Liakat Ali and all of his followers fled, leaving behind them the two guns and a number of prisoners, among them the brave young Cheek, who died the same evening, covered with wounds and sores, and his mind wandering. Conductor Coleman was also among the Moulvie's prisoners, and died soon after his release from the wounds he had received in his capture. Meanwhile the Moulvie had escaped; from the 17th of June, 1857, up to Saturday last he has been wandering about the country trying to stir up the people to bring back the old days when the hold of the British on India was being loosened, and he (Liakat Ali) was reigning in the Khoosroo Bagh at Allahabad.

THE BLACKSMITH OF LIMERICK.

ROBERT DWYER JOYCE.

He grasped his ponderous hammer, he could not stand it more,
To hear the bombshells bursting, and thundering battle's roar:
He said—"The breach they're mounting, the Dutchman's murdering crew—
I'll try my hammer on their heads and see what *that* can do!

"Now swarthy Ned and Moran, make up that iron well!
'Tis Sarsfield's horse that wants the shoes, so mind not shot or shell!"
"Ah sure," cried both, "the horse can wait—for Sarsfield's on the wall,
And where you go we'll follow, with you to stand or fall!"

The blacksmith raised his hammer, and rushed into the street;
His 'prentice boys behind him, the ruthless foe to meet—
High on the breach of Limerick, with dauntless hearts they stood,
Where the bombshells burst, and shot fell thick, and redly ran the blood.

"Now look you, brown-haired Moran, and mark you' swathy Ned,
This day we'll prove the thickness of many a Dutchman's head!
Hurra! upon their bloody path they're mounting gallantly;
And now, the first that tops the breach, leave him to this and me!"

The first that gained the rampart, he was a captain brave,
A captain of the grenadiers, with blood-stained dirk and glaive;
He pointed and he parried, but it was all in vain,
For fast thro' skull and helmet the hammer found his brain!

The next that topt the rampart, he was a colonel bold,
Bright thro' the murk of battle his helmet flashed with gold—
"Gold is no match for iron!" the doughty blacksmith said,
As with that ponderous hammer he cracked his foeman's head!

"Hurra for gallant Limerick!" black Ned and Moran cried,
As on the Dutchman's leaden heads their hammers well they plied;
A bombshell burst betweeu them—one fell without a groan,
One leaped into the lurid air, and down the breach was thrown!

"Brave smith! brave smith!" cried Sarsfield, "beware the treacherous mine—
Brave smith! brave smith! fall backward, or surely death is thine!"
The smith sprang up the rampart, and leaped the blood-stained wall,
As high into the shuddering air went foeman, breach, and all!

Up like a red volcano they thundered wild and high,
Spear, gun, and shattered standard, and foeman thro' the sky;
And dark and bloody was the shower that round the blacksmith fell—
He thought upon his 'prentice boys, they were avenged well!

On foemen and defenders a silence gathered down
'Twas broken by a triumph-shout that shook the ancient town;
As out its heroes sailed, and bravely charged and slew,
And taught King William and his men what Irish hearts can do!

Down rushed the swarthy blacksmith unto the river side,
He hammered on the foe's pantoon, to sink it in the tide;
The timber it was tough and strong, it took no crack or strain—
"Mavrone, 'twon't break," the blacksmith roared, "I'll try their heads again!"

* * * * * * *

The blacksmith sought his smithy, and blew his bellows strong,
He shod the steed of Sarfield, but o'er it sang no song;
"Ochon! my boys are dead," he cried; "their loss I'll long deplore,
But comfort's in my heart, their graves are red with foreign gore!"

The Men of Ninety-Eight.

[Continued.]

The time of Wolfe Tone was, however, coming up with him; and the more he looked into it the more clearly he saw that. Exactly a century before, the soldiery of William had thrown Ireland cheined to the mercies of an upstart aristocracy. A decade before, the volunteers had covered the slave with the garments of freedom. A year before, plebeian France, risen to citizenship, had buried under the ruined walls of dungeons the privilege of bankrupt courtiers, and the silly tyrannies of the Capetian race. From out the walls of the Bastile imprisoned thoughts burst over Europe. In the forked flame and lurid smoke, bright visions of liberty rose to the enthusiast, and presentiments of dark doom came thick upon the oppressor. In Ireland, the successful outburst of suffering men "toned home to the soul." It told the Catholic of his century of chains, and the way to break them. It told the Northmen of the liberty cheated from them in '82, and how they might have surely won it, and yet might win it. To all it gave the lesson—there is no tyranny so old as to be older than the rights of the people to drag it under their feet—no disciplined mercenaries so strong as the stronger arm of the oppressed native—no right to rob in a Government, so sacred as the sacred right of man to be governed by laws of his own.

It had, too, a wider social effect. The ideas of every class but one changed; prejudices of a hundred years' growth were, for the first time, chaotic, contradictory, visionary in some—vanishing in others. For a long time the notion of a Protestant Republic in Ireland had prevailed among the sturdy "spawn of the old covenant" in the North, dreamily, rather than in expressed intent. The Presbyterian religion, the memories of Scottish strife, the independent enterprise which impelled the settlers to Down and Antrim, two centuries before, and won for them, by their right arms, broad lands, and walled towns by the sea, continued to influence and guide the Northernmen. Since they held Ulster against James, the philosophy of Locke, filtered through Molyneux and Lucas, and every orator and writer of that whole century, reminded them of the liberty for which they had fought, and which they had not; and from the beginning of the reign of George the III, weird pictures of silly monarchy and its profligate ministers drawn by Junius, and Wilkes, and Tooke, and a thousand others, kept up the flame. Added to these came the material tyranny of the aristocracy, the open jobbing of the English interest, the national impoverishment, the class war of labor against capital, the struggle for life against "law," the weakened trade, the tottering commerce, the unwilling poverty, the compulsory emigration inseparable from every enslaved land. In the late war, they of the North had risen to defend Ireland against invasion from France—not to hold Ireland for England, but to defend her for themselves—not to repel the enemy of their enemy, but France, the enemy of "civil and religious liberty." That done, the struggle in America recalled the old dream of a Protestant. The aristocracy, driven into the combat, aided the Ulster Presbyterians, until by finesse, and fine-talk, and grim aspect, and fanfaronade, they got Ireland into their hands, "constitutionally." Then liberty was cushioned.

The Presbyterians made one more step towards republicanism, to attain electoral reform. But alone, deserted by the "patriots" in parliament—not stooping to solicit, or fearing with a vain fear to trust the chained "papist," they failed.

But that Bastile-burning cleared off much rubbish. The Frenchman taking sight along a cannon, match in hand, and shooting down monarchy and aristocracy at twenty rounds an hour, was a very respectable citizen, and no slavish enemy to Protestant liberty nor Ulster Republicanism at all. France ruled by such respectable men was very different from France of the Pretender, from France of monarchy, and slaves, and over-pious people, swarming there so as to make the Ulster gorge rise. These ireful Ulstermen began to think of the great aid Catholic Ireland would be to them in a struggle for a free republic—only they were so dangerous to liberty, so ruinous in the event of a "Catholic ascendency;" and then the question came—might not an Irish Catholic be as good a citizen, as true a republican as one of these French papists, to whose praise they were mingling their pæans with the universe. Just then one Thomas Paine wrote a book; and not long after, some old volunteers doubted whether they would resist another French invasion, or whether they ought for their own sakes, to keep, in serfage, under the aristocracy they too hated, such materials of liberty, as the co-religionists of the French nation.

And these co-religionists began to waken, too—to shake themselves in their chains, and feel the gripe and weight that galled them. The "lower class" had lost their hold of the land, under the "penal laws," *i. e.*, laws enacted by the aristocracy, making it penal for one of the people to own anything. Throughout the south and west, for long years, partial insurrections had wrestled with these laws, and failed. Then yearly came local famines, extending into national institutions betimes. The French revolution burst on this people in the very depth of human slavery. The revolution of '82 had aggravated, instead of alleviating, their miseries. Clearly something more must be done, ere they could benefit by it. Some means must be taken to give them a sure spot to dwell in and till—either a suffrage which would make them valuaslaves, to be kept and fed by their landlords; or else a tenure making it quite unnecessary for them to keep or feed landlords any more.

A further repeal of the penal laws, for which some merchants of Dublin had been agitating, without success, would give them the first; that free Republic dreamed of in Ulster would attain the second. Tone—the man before his time—saw this; and further, that the former was essential to the latter, and that by combining both movements, he could attain his end—entire independence of England, English rule, law, crown and connection, under any form of native government whatever, but independence at all hazards.

[To be Continued.]

All About Printing.

BY THE "FAT CONTRIBUTOR"

There is a prevailing ignorance regarding the art of printing. We know all about it, being in the business. Goliah is believed to have been the first printer. He did it with his feet, leaving his prints wherever he went. Printers have been on the tramp ever since.

The first movable type was in the fifteenth century. It was not fully determined who moved it. Guttenberg is suspected, as he was guttin' nearly everything in those days.

An edition of Donatus was the first book printed from movable types. Donatus was a cannibal. He would have don'-ate-us, if we had been around at that time.

The first letters were characters imitating handwriting. We would like to catch anybody imitating our handwriting, lettered or unlettered.

Roman type was made in 1465. We didn't make any until the year following—and we haven't made a great deal since. But the "Grecian type" is our choice—made of Athens business, you know.

Printing was introduced into Paris in 1470. Being in France the introduction was very formal.

The largest size of type for books is Great Primer. We never got any but the little primers in our youthful days. The smaller sizes of type are English, Pica, Small Pica, Long Primer (mixed half and half with Great Primer it makes great Long Primer,) Bourgeois, Brevier, Minion (avaunt!), Nonpareil, Agate (now editing the New York *Tribune*,) Pearl, a wholesale street in Cincinnati), Diamond and Brilliant, evidently very similar.

Pearl is the smallest type found in any ordinary printing office. Cora Pearl is about the loudest type found anywhere.

The type most in use for advertisements is nonpareil. Where there is non-pay there is very little reil, now-a-days.

In America printers are paid by the 1,000 (M) We once had a girl named Emily—a sweet creature—and a thousand Ems. we have since seen couldn't hold a candle to her.

Our foreman, the "Doctor," informs us that a good compositor will set, correct and distribute about 6,000 ems in a day of ten hours. The shocking creature! If he could set, etc., 6,000 in ten hours, how many Julias and Polly Anns could he serve in the same manner? Answer in our next.

Numerous papers now-a-days are printed off from stereotype plates. These plates are not good to eat off from, and they differ from fashion plates in that they are useful.

The hand press is said to have been invented in 1450, but bless you, handpressing must have reached a way back of that time. The hand press has been in operation ever since young folks of opposite genders were on earth, you bet!

Ink rollers are made from a mixture of molasses and glue. It frequently becomes necessary to watch the rollerboys to prevent their licking off the 'lasses.

The Hoe press was patented in July, 1847. You ought to see Hoe handle one of his presses Before the Hoe was invented, newspapers were printed on a shovel.

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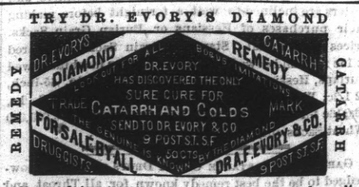

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THE NATIONALIST.

SAN FRANCISCO, MAY 17, 1873.

COME TO ME, DEAREST

[ADDRESSED TO HIS WIFE BY JOSEPH BRENAN.]

Come to me, dearest, I'm lonely without thee,
Day-time and night-time I'm thinking about thee;
Night-time and day-time in dreams I behold thee,
Unwelcome the waking which ceases to fold thee.
Come to me, darling, my sorrows to lighten,
Come in thy beauty to bless and to brighten,
Come in thy womanhood, meekly and lowly!
Come in thy lovingness, queenly and holy.

Swallows will flit round the desolate ruin,
Telling of Spring and its joyous renewing;
And thoughts of my love, and its manifold treasure,
Are circling my heart with a promise of pleasure;
O Spring of my spirit, O, May of my bosom,
Shine out of my soul till it burgeon and blossom—
The waste of my life has a rose root within it,
And thy fondness alone to the sunshine can win it.

Figures that move like a song through the even—
Features lit up by a reflex of heaven—
Eyes like the skies of poor Erinn, our mother,
Where the shadows and sunshine are chasing each other;
Smiles coming seldom, but childlike and simple,
Planting in each rosy cheek a sweet dimple,—
Oh! thanks to the Savior, that even thy seeming
Is left to the exile to brighten his dreaming!

You have been glad when you knew I was gladdened;
Dear, are you sad to hear I am saddened?
Our hearts ever answer in tune and in time, love,
As octave to octave and rhyme unto rhyme, love;
I cannot weep but your tears will be flowing—
I cannot smile but your cheeks will be glowing—
I would not die without you at my side, love—
You will not linger when I shall have died, love.

Come to me, dear, ere I die of my sorrow,
Rise on the gloom like the sun of to-morrow;
Strong, swift, and fond as the words which I speak, love,
With a song on your lip and a smile on your cheek love;
Come, for my heart, in your absence is weary—
Haste, for my spirit is sickened and dreary;
Come to the arms which alone should caress thee;
Come to the heart which is throbbing to press thee.

The Cu Nimha.

A LEGEND OF TORRY ISLAND.

In the olden time, not long after the coming of Saint Patrick to Ireland, there lived, on the lonely shores of Gartan Lough, the famous Columbkille. Gartan Lough is situated in the neighborhood of lofty mountains, which overlook the coast adjacent to Torry Island. Often, in his meditative wanderings, used the Saint pause to gaze out upon the Isle of Towers as it stood in solitary desolation amid the waves of the ocean; and, as he contemplated it, a longing to take up his abode amongst its rocky solitudes filled his soul. The desire grew stronger and stronger every day. He knew that the Island was inhabited by a barbarous race of sea-rovers, who, shut up in their inaccessible position, were able to defeat every attempt made to Christianize them; moreover, their Druids inspired them with a fierce hatred of the Christian religion; and, never coming in contact with the population on the mainland, except as freebooters or plunderers, they regarded as a natural foe every man professing christianity. But Columbkille was not a man to be deterred by fear from any enterprise he wished to undertake. He left the mountains and came down to the sea coast, and having provided a curragh, set out alone for Torry. Now, there had been for a long time a prophecy among the Torry people to the effect that the moment a certain Christian Saint should set foot on the island, their race should be annihilated. This made the Druids keep a vigilant watch for any intruder; and no sooner had Columbkille fairly put to sea than they discovered his little craft. In Pagan times the Druids were able, by their dark spirits, to raise terrific storms on sea and land, but now, that Columbkille was on the waters, they were entirely impotent. Learning from the genii of the island that this was the holy man coming to destroy them, they set up such a shout as shook the very rocks out of their places. It was early in the morning. Every living soul in Torry was out in an instant, and rushed to the forts in wild confusion—men, women and children. But, high above the clamor of tumultuous voices, a Druid's voice made itself heard calling the men together. When they were assembled around him he addressed them: "Men of Torry, of the strong arm and the fearless heart, you have often heard of those people called Christians; they are very powerful, and have spread all over the world. Wherever they come the Druid loses his power; you know that we have a prophecy, that when a man of holy name among the Christians shall set foot on Torry, the genii of the island shall flee away, and Torry sea-kings shall be driven like sheep before a wolf. Now," continued the Druid, pointing to a solitary curragh in the offing, "in that curragh which you see yet far out in the sound, is a Christian who has great power over the spirits both of sea and land. That is the man of the prophecy and no other. He comes on toward us. See him! If you love your ancient Isle of Torry—if you love your Druids and the genii of the island, now is the time to defend them. Seize your strongest weapons, bring out the Cu Nimha, (poisoned hound,) and post yourselves along the beach, and do not let the Christian land; if once he sets foot on these shores he will drive you, like sheep before a wolf, into the sea." Meanwhile Columbkille kept on his course direct for the island. When he neared the shore he found the coast covered with armed warriors muttering hate and death, and the great Cu Nimha standing on a rock, towards which he headed his curragh, ready to pounce upon him the instant he approached near enough. The Cu Nimha was a famous hound of the old giant species. Its proportions were something extraordinary; its strength, supleness and speed were in perfect keeping; and like the hounds of the famous Scandinavian breed, its snout was hard and sharp enough to cut the living rock. But the most formidable quality of this animal was its poisonous bite; hence the appellation Nimha (poisonous). Furnished with such destructive powers, it may be easily understood why the Cu Nimha was counted equal to a legion of armed men. Of course, the holy man paused before he would encounter this monster, the touch of whose jaws was certain and instantaneous death. Looking from the Cu Nimha up to the serried lines ranged along the beach, he addressed the islanders in their own idiom: "Was this the welcome," he asked them, "that Torry gave the stranger? or were the warriors that boasted of ruling the sea and holding the continents in terror afraid of an unarmed man? Did they not know by the dress he wore that he was a man of peace? He came not to spread war and desolation on their coasts; he was but a poor sinner that came to live a solitary life among the cliffs." As his words were beginning to make a favorable impression on the crowd, the Druids interrupted him by raising a shout, which was taken up and repeated by the multitude, and echoed by the evil genii from their dark abodes in the precipices. "Away quickly from our coasts!" they shouted to him. "Away, you messenger of Death! Go back to the place from whence you came! If you dare to set foot on this island you shall be meat for our dogs." One man, however, was found to plead for Columbkille, and his name was O'Dugan. He called upon his fellow-islanders not to forget the sacred rights of hospitality. He reminded them what a disgrace it should be, not to speak of the cruelty, to drive back into the waves an inoffensive man whose mien was god-like, and whose words were peace. But his speech was received with volleys of horrible epithets and cries of horrible derision. The Saint spoke again: "I know your Druids have thus excited you against me because I worship the true God; I know it was the Druids that put the Cu Nimha on the rock before me. If you will not allow me to set my foot upon the island give me at least a little spot where I may lay this maniple which is tied to my arm, and you will see that the God I serve is stronger than the spirits of the Druids!" The Druids and the crowd shouted back as before. When the clamor ceased, O'Dugan raised his voice once more: "Men of Torry! Warriors, terrible on sea and land, are you afraid of the rag of this stranger?" This taunt speedily told on all except the Druids. A council was held, and it was agreed that the Cu Nimha be called back, and the stranger permitted to lay his maniple on the rock. The Cu Nimha was taken back and held in a leash of steel. Columbkille struck his paddles boldly into the water and ran in close to the rock. Holding one end of his maniple in his hand, he threw it so that the other end fell and rested on the stone. The Cu Nimha now sprang from the leash and sprang in a single bound to the spot. But the instant the furious monster alighted, the rock opened under it and the Cu Nimha disappeared in the chasm, leaving the tracks of his enormous paw, and a large cleft made by its tail in the rock, all which may be seen till this day. The multitude, who, as may be easily imagined, were stunned by this terrifying phenomenon had not yet recovered from their surprise, when the maniple of the Saint, springing miraculously, pressed close upon them driving them by a supernatural power before it "like sheep before a wolf," thus verifying the prophecy. On spread the holy garment covering the whole island, the people flying before it in wild confusion till at length it closed them in over the precipices of Tomora. Onward still it pressed; the Pagans were driven out over those fearful cliffs, and such as were not torn to pieces on the rocks were drowned in the waves. Two human beings were only saved on Tomora, and they were O'Dugan and his wife. And to them Columbkille gave half of the island. And thus it was that a Torryman of olden times was saved from a fearful death and rewarded with princely possessions, for wishing to show hospitality to a stranger. The favored Torryman and his wife took up their abode in the place pointed out to them where they lived long and happy, and from that day to the present Torry has not been without an O'Dugan.—*Hibernian Magazine.*

Irish Names.

Buckley—The surname Buckley which is at present so numerous in Cork is not the same as the English patronymic Bulkeley. The letter, we believe, is of Welsh origin. The tradition that the Cork Buckleys are a sub-sept of the MacCarthys is correct. In Gaelic their surname is spelled "O'Buachala" (O'Booghala). The legendary derivation for its origin is fanciful and far-fletched. We think the root of the surname is the ordinary Irish word "Buachail," a "youth" or "young man" which makes "buachala" in the genitive case and which having been first applied as a sobriquet to the founder of the family was adopted by his descendents to distinguish them from the multitudinous MacCarthys around them. Sub-denominations of this nature were so very frequent in olden times that they are very apt to puzzle modern investigators unless they are sharp in hunting up their authorities. The legend is worth preserving though extremely unprobable. Here it is: In the vicinity of the town of Mallow, a wild boar was the scourge of the locality for a length of time. A young man named MacCarthy, who resided convenient, took it into his head to rid the neighborhood of the monster. Accordingly in furtherance of his resolve, he set out and after an absence of a few hours returned bearing the defeated Boar's head on his back. When this became known he was recognized after only as the "boar killer" which in Irish sounds very like "Bu Culla." The attempt to derive "Buachala," from Buadh (booah), "victory" and chullaigh, "of a boar," is nothing more than a pun upon the name.

Flan, a word which signifies "of a red complexion." It has become a surname, as O'Flainn, or O'Flynns, of whom there were several clans, and the O'Flanagans are derived from the same source.

Fionn, the name of Kings and chiefs, signifies "fair-haired," and the word is prefixed to many names.

Flaithbheartach pronounced Flaherty, the name of chiefs. This word which may appear in the Irish to have an uncooth sound is really from "Flaith" a chief and "beartach," of deeds, and may signify, "a chief of noble deeds." It has become a surname as of the O'Flahertys, chiefs of West Connaught.

Guaire, a name of kings and chiefs, which signifies "noble or excellent." Guaire, an ancient king of Connaught, was celebrated for his hospitality.

Gearrmaide, a name of some chiefs, derived from "Gear" short and "maide" a stick which might signify, "the chief of the short cudgel;" the first probably who obtained this was distinguished for his stick-fighting.

Giolla. This word is prefixed to many names chiefly to those of ecclesiastics, and signifies "a servant" or "disciple;" for instance Giolla-an-choimhdhe, signifying, "the servant of the Trinity," from Choimhdhe, "the Trinity." Giolla-Jioso the servant of Jesus; a name which has been latinized into Gelasius; Giolla-Criost, "the servant of Christ;" Giolla-Muire, "the servant of the Virgin Mary," Giolla-na-naomh pronounced "Giolla-na-neev," signifying "the servant of the Saints;," Giolla-Peadair, or "the servant of St. Peter;" Giolla-Poil, or "servant of St. Paul;" Giolla-Michil, "the servant of St. Michael;" Giolla-Patraig, "the servant of St. Patrick;" Giolla-Coluim or "servant of St. Columkille;" Giolla-Brighde, "the servant of St. Bridget," Giolla-Ciaran, "the servant of St. Kiaran;" Giolla-Caomhain, "the servant of St. Keirn;" Giolla-Easbuig, "the servant of the bishop, etc.

Maol is also prefixed chiefly to the names of ecclesiastics, and signifies a bald or tonsured person who became the spiritual servant of some Saint, as for instance, Maol-Josa, "or the servant of Jesus;" Maol-Muire, or "the servant of the Virgin Mary;" Maol-Peadair, or "the servant of St. Peter;" Maol-Patriag, or "the servant of St. Patrick."

Naol-Coluim, or "the servant of St. Columkille," a name known as Malcolm, and which was borne by many of the kings of Scotland.

Maolseachlain, signifying "the servant of St. Sechnall or Seachlan," was a name frequent amongst the kings and chiefs of Meath of the Hy Nialls. This name has been anglicized to Malachy; it has also became a surname of that clan under the name of O'Melaghlin.

Maolmordha, a name which has been anglicized to Myles or Miles, was a favorite name of the chiefs of the O'Reillys.

Muircheartach, a frequent name of chiefs, may be derived from "Muir," the sea, and "ceart," a right, hence may signify "a naval warrior or chief establishing his rights at sea." The name has been anglicized to Murtogh.

Muireadhach, a name of kings and chiefs, which may also be derived from "Muir," the sea, and "Eadhach," a protector, a name equivalent to that of admiral. It has been anglicized Morogh and Maurice.

Niall, a name of many kings and chiefs, from "Niadh," a champion or mailed knight, and "all," noble, hence signifies "a noble knight or armed champion" This became the tribe name of the Hy Nialls, who were descended from Niali of the Nine Hostages, monarch of Ireland.

Rudhraighe or *Ruadhraigh*, a name of kings and chiefs, may be derived either from "ruadh," valiant, and "Righ," a king' or "Ruadh," red, and "Righ," a king, and may, therefore, signify "the valiant king or the red-haired king." This name has been anglicized to Rory or Roderick.

Toirdealbhach, pronounced "Turlogh," a name of kings and chiefs, derived from "tor," a tower, and "dealbhach," form, signifying "a man of tower-like stature." This name has been anglicized to Terence.

Tomaltach, a name of chiefs, derived from "Tomailt," provisions or good living, hence signifies "a man of hospitality." It has been anglicized to Thomas.

Tuathal, pronounced "Tua-hal," a name of kings and chiefs, derived from "tuatha," territories, that is, a man possessed of a large landed property or a "lordship" has become a surname, as O'Tuathail or O'Toole.

Tighearnan, or Tiarnan, derived from "Tiarna," a lord. This was a favorite name among the chiefs of O'Rourkes. It has also become a surname, as Mac Tiernan or Mac Kernan.

Tadhg, or Teige, a frequent name signifying originally "a poet."

Uaigarg, a name of chiefs amongst the O'Rourkes, derived from "Uaill," famous, and "garg," signifying "a famous and fierce warrior."

A few names of women may be here given as specimens, as for instance, *Bebinn*, derived from "be," a woman, and "binn," melodious.

Barrdubh, a dark-haired woman, from "barr," the hair, and "dubh," dark.

Dearforgal or Dervorgal, signifies "a purely fair daughter," from "dear," a daughter, and "forgil," purely fair.

Dubhdeasa or Dudeasa, signifies "a dark-haired beauty," from "dubh," dark, and "deas," beautiful.

Feithfailge, a beautiful and fanciful name, derived from "feith," a honey-suckle, and "failge," of rings; hence it signifies "a honey-suckle of ringlets."

Fionnghuala, signifies "a fair-shouldered woman," from "fionn," white, and "quala," shoulders. This name has been anglicized to Penelope.

Flanna signifies "a red or rosy-complexioned beauty."

Moc, a frequent name of women, signifies "a fine or majestic women."

BARBARITIES IN AFRICA— By the African mail we learn, in reference to the late treaty ratified between Bonny and Opobo, that a barbarous custom was observed on the 1st of March. It appears that King Ja-ja, of Opobo, sent up to Bonny a slave to be killed, as a binding and everlasting ratification of the treaty lately entered into between himself and the Bonny people. This custom is called "chopping du-ju." The poor victim is first marked in a straight line from the crown of the head down the front of the body with a sharp knife, cutting deep into the flesh; he is then held by two or three stout fellows and chopped in two halves, and Ja-ja's Ju-ju man, taking one half of the body, throws it into the ebbing tide; the Bonny Ju-ju man taking the other half and doing the same. King George of Bonny endeavored to prevent this sacrifice of human life, and offered cows or goats instead, but gross superstition still reigns paramount in the country. As an instance of the ignorant state of the natives of this part of the coast, notwithstanding the number of missionary establishments there, it is mentioned this poor man, before being sacrificed, was walking about Bonny for three or four days, quite indifferent as to his fate, though he knew it, solacing himself with the idea that when he again met those who were going to kill him he would do the same to them. Trade on the Gold Coast was very much interfered with by the trouble between the Ashantees and Fantees. This is especially so at Cape Coast Castle, as the Ashantees are encamped a few miles outside of town, and the Fantees are in hourly expectancy of their coming down, dealing death and destruction; but this is not likely to happen, as the Ashantees are afraid of the large guns at the forts under British command.

The Irish in Texas.

THE Irishmen of Houston, Texas, have formed a Benevolent Association, which will have for its objects:—

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Second—The encouragement of immigration to this State, and assisting as far as possible and necessary, such immigrants upon their arrival.

Third—The creation of a feeling of harmony and love among the Irish race in Texas.

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Equestrian Photographs and Pictorial Photographs can be had at this Gallery only. The attention of Visitors is called to these New and Novel Designs, which cannot be seen at any other Gallery.

I. W. TABER.

No. 12 Montgomery Street, near Market San Francisco. jy4-tf

E. C. O'CONNELL,

....DEALER IN....

GROCERIES, WINES & LIQUORS

OF THE BEST DESCRIPTION.
No. 409 Fourth Street, (Corner of Perry,
SAN FRANCISCO. mh9-tf

NOTICE.

PERSONS DESIROUS OF OBTAINING ROOMS AND board in the new frame building corner of Fifth and Market streets, can do so by applying at 611 Folsom street, bet. Second and Third, as the house will be open from May 1st. m29-tf MRS. H. HANNAH.

Lennon & Kelly,

....DEALERS IN....

GROCERIES AND PROVISIONS.

CHOICE WINES AND LIQUORS.

BUTTER, CHEESE, EGGS, ETC.

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P. J. McElwain, M. D. PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON. (Dublin and Edinburgh.) OFFICE—No. 1,028 Market street, San Francisco. Office Hours—From 11 A. M. to 1 P. M., and from 4 to 8 P. M. fy2-tf

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115 FIRST STREET, SAN FRANCISCO.

MRS. MARY O'CONNOR.....Proprietress.

Board and Lodging (per week).....$4 00
6 Meal Tickets.....$1 00

This House is newly furnished with Spring and Hair Mattresses. The best accommodations for families.

MANHATTAN HOUSE

705 and 707 Front St., between Pacific and Broadway SAN FRANCISCO.

Board and Lodging, per Week, - - $4 50.
Board, per Day, - - - - 75c.

Good accommodations for Families.

N. B.—This House has just been renovated. Free Coach to the House.

JAMES CORNYN.....Proprietor
(Formerly of the Central House.) jy4-tf

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BROWN & MAHANNY,

Book and Job Printers,

Cards and Bill-heads printed in the neatest style. No. 320 Clay street, below Battery, San Francisco. de4-tf

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(*Successor to* C. BORCHARD.)

Have recieved a Diploma from the Mechanics Fair 1871, at San Francisco.

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No. 403 Davis Street, between Washington and Jackson, San Francisco. Manufacture all kinds of Candies from the Best Materials, and will sell at least as low as any other House in the trade. ☞ Goods warranted to keep in any climate. Country orders promptly attended to.—Dealers supplied on liberal terms. Also a large assortment of Nuts. jy4-tf

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Cattle Commission Merchants,

Corner Tenth and Howard streets....SAN FRANCISCO.

Have constantly on hand fresh family Milk Cows, Horses, etc. Large and commodious stalls and corrals, and superior accommodations for all kinds of stock. fy9-tf

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Between Eighth and Ninth.....SAN FRANCISCO.

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Philadelphia Brewery,

JOHN WIELAND - - Proprietor
Second Street, Near Folsom, San Francisco. jy4-tf

DR. S H. ROBERTS.

Dentist,

No. 142½ Fourth Street near Howard, San Francisco. Office hours from 9, A. M. to 5, P. M. jy4-tf

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ARCHITECTS,

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LAW DIRECTORY.

RICHARD TOBIN, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW.
OFFICE—Over the Bank of the Hibernia Savings and Loan Society, corner of Market and Montgomery streets, San Francisco jy12-tf

NOAH F. FLOOD, LAW OFFICE.—Room No 2, (Court Block) 636 Clay Street, between Kearny and Montgomery. SAN FRANCISCO. ap12-tf

P. CUMMINS, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW—Rooms 14 and 15 COURT BLOCK, No. 646 Clay Street, and No. 635 Merchant street, San Francisco. ap5-tf

W. E. DARBY—ATTORNEY-AT-LAW—OFFICE—No. 317 California street, room No. 2, San Francisco. jy12-tf

F. E. SUTHERLAND, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW.
OFFICE—Room 43, Exchange Building, Northwest corner of Washington and Montgomery Streets, San Francisco. jy12-tf

C. STORM. A. J. SHRADER.

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Wood and Coal.

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DONOHUE & PHELAN,

DEALERS IN

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No. 31 Second street, between Stevenson and Mission SAN FRANCISCO.

CRAIG & FRAWLEY,

Plumbing, Gas and Steam Fitting.

No. 917 Market Street, between Fifth and Sixth. (opposite Mason Street).....SAN FRANCISCO.

All work warranted. Jobbing promptly attended to. Estimates made on new and old Buildings. jy12-tf

THE NATIONALIST.

SAN FRANCISCO, MAY 17, 1873.

Pacific Coast.

Blind Tom is giving concerts at Virginia City and other Nevada towns.

Mike O'Hara had his eyes severely injured at the Carson Mint, a few days ago, by the explosion of some melted silver.

The petrified tusk of some Antediluvian monster has been found in the sandstone ledge at the State Prison.

Wm. H. Thatcher has got himself into serious trouble at Pioche by signing other people's names to bank checks.

The Pioche *Record* is confident that the railroad from that place to Bullionville will be in running order in four or five weeks.

Four thousand five hundred pounds of crude borax, the first shipment, has arrived in Los Angeles. The entire district is now being thoroughly prospected and laid out in claims, numbering nearly two hundred, and extending over an area of 40,000 acres.

Charles Fowler, who is in jail at Salinas City for killing William Rader, on the San Benito rancho on the 7th inst., made an attempt to commit suicide on Friday last. He inflicted three wounds with a knife which are thought to be fatal.

At noon on Thursday the extreme penalty of the law was carried into effect on the body of Charles Mortimer for the murder of Mary Gibson in Sacramento, September 20th, 1873. The execution was carried out in the presence of a large number of citizens in the yard of the jail at Sacramento.

The steamer "Whipple" has for some time been running opposition to the monopoly on the Sacramento river, and failing to buy her off it seems the monopoly have determined to resort to the old tricks of the combination, and run her off. One day this week as the "Whipple" was nearing Rio Vista on her down trip, she was run into by the railroad company's steamer "Amador." The bulwarks on her port side, abaft the wheelhouse were torn away, and her guards sprung so that she was unable to make her regular trips this week.

In Santa Barbara county it is said now that the grain will not yield more than half a crop, while (says the *Press*) there is not a single instance in which there is any prospect of a failure on ground which was properly cultivated early in the season. Deep plowing is the only security.

On the 6th instant the California Acclimatizing Society placed in Lake Merced, San Francisco county, 2,100 trout, averaging from four to eight inches in length. The society has also delivered within the last two weeks, besides, 20,000 fry already noted as having been placed in Lake Merced, 5,000 eastern fish in different ponds and streams in the surrounding counties.

The gunpowder pile driver was tried for the first time on the Yard on the 6th instant, and its operations witnessed by most of the officers. It worked very satisfactorily and is considered a complete success. The reports were plainly heard at Vallejo.

Humboldt county has raised a two-year-old porker which weighed, when dressed, 518 pounds.

At Arcata, Humboldt county, on the 22d ult., the residence of Henry Goodbridge was burned. Mrs. Goodbridge was ill at the time and had to be carried out on her bed.

At the Stockton city election there was but one ticket in the field. J. K. Doak is Mayor, J. W. Scott, City Collector, and Julius Sheiny, City Assessor.

Ashbury Harpending who (it is stated), claims to have been so badly taken in by Arnold, of diamond swindle notoriety, has turned a cold shoulder upon San Francisco and gone to reside in St. Louis.

The shipment of treasure to New York by rail for the past week has been $396,649, of which $377,717 was fine silver ore and $18,932 in fine gold. The absence of gold coin from the shipment is noteworthy.

SPRINGFIELD (Mass.), May 12th.—Special Agent Tynner, of the Postoffice Department, made the first shipment of postal cards to the Postmasters to-day. He will send an aggregate of three millions to the principal Postoffices of the country. An addition of two millions will be sent to-morrow, and henceforth all requisitions will be promptly filled.

Execution of Devine.

On Wednesday last, at 1 P. M., justice was vindicated by the execution on the gallows of John Devine *alias* the "Chicken." An hour previous to the time named Broadway was blocked by an immense crowd and the rush for the entrance of the prison was disgraceful—caused by those not having passes trying to get in, but the presence of a few policemen soon restored order. Within the prison walls there was about two hundred citizens, representing nearly every business class in this city. All seemed conscious of the awful importance of the occasion. Two Sisters of Mercy were with Devine from early in the morning until 11:30. On the platform were lying the

BLACK CAP AND PINIONING STRAPS

Which should confine the unfortunate man. At 12:30 all those invited were admitted to the lower corridor. On the right hand side of the upper corridor, in the neighborhood of the prisoner's cell, were standing the Deputy Sheriffs and the jailer. Many of these officials were from neighboring counties—Sheriffs Morse of Alameda, Ivory of Contra Costa, Lake of Napa, and others. A low hum prevailed after the corridors filled, and lasted until the appearance of the prisoner. At 12:15 Messrs. Baird, Jehu, Watson and Adams took their place on the scaffold. Drs. Coniers, Swan, Weeks, Ferris and Kuntler, then stepped inside the rope, on the lower corridor.

One of the ropes was thrown over the beam and the other allowed to rest on the trap. Mr. Smith, special artist of *Frank Leslie's*, was engaged in sketching the characteristics of the scene.

AT ONE O'CLOCK

Sheriff Adams stepped up on the platform and said: "Gentlemen, the prisoner wishes you all to keep perfectly still, and I am sure that you will comply with his request." Sheriff Adams then walked to the jail and entered, accompanied by Colonel McKenzie. In a few seconds he came out, followed by Devine. The condemned man carried a crucifix, and was supported by Father Spreckles. His face was very pale, and

HIS STEPS FALTERED

As he ascended the fatal platform. He was dressed in black and had on a pair of loose slippers. As the party ascended the scaffold, Father Spreckles held the crucifix up to Devine's lips, which he kissed with an air of great devotion. Devine then took his place directly over the drop and kept his head slightly upturned and his eyes closed while Deputy Sheriff Lamott read

THE DEATH WARRANT.

Father Spreckles kept his right hand behind the back of the doomed man, and whispered in his ear during the reading of the document, frequently pressing the crucifix to Devine's lips. After the reading of the document, Devine, with earnestness, and in a loud and distinct voice, said: "Sweet Lord Jesus, into thy hands

I COMMEND MY SPIRIT."

Two of the principal jail officials then proceeded to bind the arms and legs of the condemned man. Devine, after ascending the scaffold, kept his hand and mutilated wrist in the pockets of his sack coat. When the bands were fastened Mc Kenzie drew the black cap over his head, and Burns proceeded to adjust the rope. He drew Devine's collar down and the prisoner lifted up his neck as if to assist him. At 1:4 Burns moved Devine to the center of the trap-door, the signal was given, and

THE DROP FELL,

A heavy thud, a convulsive shuddering of the limbs, a contraction of the chest and shoulders, and the body spun around and swayed to and fro. In a few minutes these oscillations ceased, and the doctors advanced to feel the pulse of the dying man, and mark the progress of the departing life. At 1:06 the pulse marked 54; at 7 minutes, 33, and at nine minutes it ceased altogether—just 13 minutes after the drop fell.

The execution was conducted in an orderly and efficient manner, and in the opinions of the physicians present, Devine's neck was broken in the fall, and he suffered but little pain. At the moment the drop fell a low murmur swelled from the crowd, which, however, ceased immediately. All were uncovered when the doomed man left his cell.

After the body had hung the length of time prescribed by law, it was cut down and brought into the room on the left of the entrance to the jail, and examined by the physicians present. The examination disclosed the fact that death was instantaneous, the neck having been broken in three places.

It is highly creditable to the christian feeling of Governor Booth that, though differing in religion to the doomed criminal, he consented to a respite that unfortunate Devine might the better be prepared for eternity.

The Modocs and the Gushing Reporters.

The Nashville *Banner* folks have read the dispatches fro n the Lava Beds furnished by the gushing and agina-tive reporters, until they could not be content without a "battle" every day, in which the forty-five Modocs would figure as "swarming" over a rocky district ten miles square, and say they set their machine at work to manufacture some dispatches one day when there was a lull in the furnishing of the usual supply. Here is the way the Tennessee man tells it:

"YREKA, April 20th, 8 P. M.—The morning was ushered in with a boom followed by lurid flashes from the camp-fires where our men where "billing" their shirts for dressparade. The reflection of the morning sun upon the Commander-in-Chief's sabre, as he was whetting that deadly implement across the sole of his number thirteen brogan, and the rattle of hard-tack in the boys' teeth as they were stowing away their rations for a ten days' march, presented a pageant that beggars description. Suddenly at a signal from the hewgag, there was a precipitate wild rush upon the lava beds, amid the demoniac laughter of the Modocs, who had vacated them about two weeks previous, and were observing the manoeuvre with opera glasses about sixteen miles inward Private G, of company B, peeping through a crevice of the outer line of lava beds, and discovering that the enemy were not "ourn," was so suddenly struck with cerebro-spinal-meningitis that his head swelled before he could withdraw it, and his comrades had to cut him off close to the shoulders to rescue him, and took him back to the camp, where the assistant surgeon proceeded at once to "put a head on him."

"YREKA. 10 A. M.—Colonel Perry fell over a cracker barrel, when the excitement was thinnest, and barked a piece off his shin as big as a quarter. He will show the enemy no quarter from date. But he has, meanwhile, been Court-martialed for shinanigin.

"YREKA, 12 M.—The retreat of the Modocs is being celebrated at this hour by a grand dinner at headquarters. Conspicuous in the bill of fare were the following commemorative dishes: 'Oregon gopher soup, *a la Gopher'em, Gillem*: Beef *a la Mode-ox*.'

"YREKA, 12:30 P. M.—While the army was at dinner we were surprised by a charge of Modoc squaws, armed with breach-loading cotton umbrellas.

"SAN FRANCISCO, 2 P. M.—A deserter is just in from camp, who says the squaws were repulsed with showers of hard-tack and Bologna sausages, but not before they had captured and carried off with them a couple of canteens of water.

"SAN FRANCISCO—Midnight— Experience retired military savans at the first-class beer saloons here comment with much severity upon the want of precaution which lost us two canteens of water, and thus gave the enemy a considerable advantage, needlessly prolonged this cruel conflict.

"LATER — SAN FRANCISCO — Half-past midnight — A Yreka courier has just arrived, who states that the canteens were filled with old Bourbon, and not water. This news has had a fine effect upon the Stock Exchange.

"SAN FRANCISCO, 2 A! M.—A Yreka courier will reach here in the morning, who brings particulars and details of the last battle. Among other incidents mentioned by eye witnesses was the capture of a squaw, who choked herself in the endeavor to eat two army biscuits at once, and was scalped in the very act, and on the spot,

"P. S.—The female prisoner was not scalped. It was her chignon which came off in the hands of her captor, who has been promoted. The squaws are still in the Lava Beds, with no possible avenue of escape, and no water handy,

"P. P. S. —One of our men, who was captured by the Modoc squaws, has just escaped from the clutches of the fiends incarnate, in the presence of the whole Army. He effected his escape by crawling through a port-hole in the outer line of the Lava Beds. As he went through, a gigantic squaw "belted" him just below the suspenders with a hickory barrel stave and tore his trowsers to shreds. His bifurcated habilliments have been patented, and he now goes on crutches, misery depicted on his martial front, and a correct map of the seat of war on his rear.

"But the cry goes up from the universal heart of the Army: 'This indignation shall be fearfully avenged.' A great battle may be expected, if not hourly, some time between now and the Philadelphia centennial."

Rear Admiral T. O. Selfride has received orders from the Navy Department to submit a plan for a new slashing sloop of war, and expects soon to receive an order to build one.

BIRTHS.

GREENHAM—In this city, May 12, the wife of F. Greenham, of a daughter.

KUGELER—In this city, may 10, the wife of A. H. Kugeler, of a son.

O'CONNOR—In this city, May 13, the wife of Eugene O'Connor, of a son.

MARRIAGES.

McKAY—COLEMAN—In this city, May 4, William P. McKay to Catherine Coleman.

McSORLEY—DOWNES—In this city, May 1, Arthur McSorley to Hannah Downes.

DEATHS.

HAYES—In this city, May 11, William D., only son of Willam J. and Maria L. Hayes, aged one year, seven months and fifteen days.

O'CONNELL—In this city, May 10, James O'Connell, a native of Australia, aged twenty-four years and four months.

GRIFFITH—In this city, May 14, Milton Griffith, a native of Ohio, aged forty-four years.

SHANNON—In this city, May 12, Frank Austin, second son of Michael and Mary W. Shannon, a native of San Francisco, aged thirteen years, one month and fourteen days.

HENNESSY—In Sacramento, May 13, Johnny, son of John and Catherine Hennessy, aged sixteen months.

CROWLEY—In this city, May 12, Kate Crowley. Deeply regretted by her friends.

Column of Our Omnium Gatherum Contributor.

[Our friend, P. H., is great on some things, greater on others, and greatest on good taste. We can appreciate his wit, and regret his amatory leanings; but hope he won't inflict any love-lorn wailings on the readers of the NATIONALIST.]

THE QUEER CHINEE.—This is a country where the roses have no fragrance and the women no petticoats; where a laborer has no Sabbath and the magistrate no sense of honor; where the roads bear no vehicles and the ships no keels; where old men fly kites; where the needle points to the south, and the sign of being puzzled is to scratch the antipodes of the head; where the place of honer is on the left hand, and the seat of intellect is in the stomach; where to take off your hat is an insolent gesture, and to wear white garments is to put yourself in mourning; which has a literature without an alphabet, and language without grammar.

One of the commonest proofs we have that man is made of clay, is the brick so often found in his hat.

"Your handwriting is very bad, indeed," said a gentleman to a college friend, who was more addicted to boating than to study; "you really ought to learn to write better"— "Ay, ay," replied the young man, "it's all very well for you to tell me that; but, if I were to write better, people would find out how I spell.

A man who never saw green corn used at table, called the waiter to know if he would not put some more beans upon his stick.

An American, in England, when expected to praise the country, said he liked it very well, only he was afraid to go out nights for fear he should step off.

A smart Yankee asked Pat who was the first jockey. Be dad, said Pat, it was Adam, for he was father of the race.

What fruit does a newly married couple resemble? A green pear, somewhat sweet.

Of what trade is the sun? A tanner.

Why is love like a canal-boat? Because it is an eternal transport.

Why is a wayward locomotive so easily controlled by a switch? Because it has a tender behind.

A young lady must make a hit if she dislikes to be a miss.

Without the deer ladies we should be a *stag*nation.

Advice is like snow, the softer it falls the longer it dwells upon, and the deeper it sinks into the mind.

Tight lacings shows the men how much squeezing the ladies can bear.

A jest's prosperity lies in the ear of him that hears it.

Disgusting meanness—To tan a dog's hide with his own bark.

The surest way to destroy weeds; Marry a widow.

Benefits, like flowers, please while they are fresh.

"Wood is the thing after all," as the man with the oak leg said when the mad dog bit it.

Don't rob yourself as the farmer said to the lawyer, who called him hard names.

The saying that "there is more pleasure in giving than in receiving" is supposed to apply chiefly to medicine, kicks and advice.

On some railroads it is customary to have a lock on the stove door, to prevent passengers from meddling with the fire. A wag being asked why they locked the stove, cooly replied that it was to prevent the fire from "going out."

There is no harm in a glass of whiskey if you allow it to remain in the glass.

A farmer going to a parish meeting, met his minister, and told him that his society resolved to increase his salary. "I beg of you not to think of any such thing," said the minister; "for it is about as much business to collect my present salary as I wish to attend to. If it should be increased, I should be obliged to devote my whole time to collecting it.

THOUSANDS of testimonials can be seen at the COUGH DROP and CANDY DEPOT, 828 Market street. Warranted to cure or money refunded. For sale by all dealers in medicines. *

SPECIAL NOTICE.—An article that will firmly mend Furniture, Crockery, Glasswase, Statuary, Meerschaum, Dolls, Toys, Leather, and all ordinary household articles likely to be broken, is as dispensable as it is valuable. These requisites are to be found in the well known GIANT CEMENT, which is put up in tin cans only. It invariably gives satisfaction, and is now for sale by druggists, stationers, grocers, and the Giant Cement Company, No. 417 Washington street (opposite the Post Office) San Francisco. *

THE HIBERNIA HALL, 246 Third Street, is newly fitted up in superb style, and fit for the accommodation of large social parties and military displays. It is one of the best Public Halls in the city. The new improvements deserve the attention of public speckers, In this Hall the movements of the audience create no noise Silence is the ally of eloquence. *

James McGinn,

Undertaker

....AND.....

General Furnisher,

No. 717 Market Street, opposite Dupont.

Hearses and Coaches; Rosewood, Mahogany and Lead Coffins; Shrouds, Cravats, Silver and White Metal Coffin Plates constantly on hand.

Grave Stones, Iron and Wood Enclosures furnished.

Especial attention given to disinterring Bodies and preparing them for shipment to the Atlantic States and elsewhere.

Every variety of Funeral Equipments furnished to order. my3-tf

John Ward,

Roofing and Asphaltum Worker.

Work Warranted from 6 to 7 Years.

All orders left at the southwest corner of Third and Stevenson streets executed with the utmost dispatch. my3-tf

JOHN H. CARMANY & CO.,

BOOK, NEWSPAPER AND

Job Printers,

409 Washington Street,

Opposite Post Office.....SAN FRANCISCO

Are the Publishers of the following Periodicals:

COMMERCIAL HERALD.

The only Commercial and Financial Weekly on the Coast; $9 00 per Year.

OVERLAND MONTHLY.

The only Literary Magazine published on the Coast. $4 00 per Year.

THE WEST.

Wholly devoted to the development of the West; published Monthly.....$1 00 per Year.

MARKET REVIEW.

In Letter-Sheet Form for merchants; published weekly. $5 00 per Year.

THE DIAL.

The only Sabbath School paper on the Pacific Coast; published Semi-Monthly....25 Cents per Year.

We do all the work of the PACIFIC NEWSPAPER PUBLISHING CO., embracing some Twenty-five weekly papers.

OUR PRESSWORK is acknowledged to be the best in the city. ap12-tf

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....AND....

BILLIARD HALL,

Corner of Market and Third Streets, San Francisco.

Choice Wines, Liquors and Cigars....English Ale and Porter on Draught....Ale, Beer and Porter Five Cents per Glass....Genuine Staffordshire Ale.

fy2-tf YATES & CO., Proprietors.

ISAAC SELIG

IMPORTER AND DEALER IN

GENTLEMEN'S FURNISHING GOODS.

No. 218 Kearny street, between Bush and Sutter, San Francisco. ap5-tf

JOE BALOUN & JULIUS LAMBLA,

MERCHANT TAILORS,

No. 613 WASHINGTON STREET

SAN FRANCISCO.

$6 PANTS.....BUSINESS SUITS, $30.

The Seal Rock House.

CAPT. HENRY FERNNO, - - - Proprietor.

This pleasant wayside resort is situated on the Ocean Beach, near the Cliff, and is the only place on the route where parties taking the drive can procure

The Best Liquors and Cigars, for 12½ cents. jy4-tf

Jackson Michigan Wagon,

The largest assortment on this coast now in store and for sale very low—all Wagons warranted for two years.

J. D. ARTHUR & SON.

Corner of California and Davis Streets, San Francisco. jy4-tf

THE STEAMER

S. M. WHIPPLE

Has been thoroughly overhauled, and the owners are now ready to negotiate with societies or parties wishing to charter her for Sunday Excursions.

For particulars, apply on board, or of

S. E. HERRICK, Agent,

my3-tf 126 Clay street.

LAURA FAIR LETS THE "WOLF OUT OF THE Fold;" THISTLETON sells "The Wolf in the Fold" at 9 Post street, at 50 cents and $1.

Look at the phizes of the twelve wise jurors
That acquitted the Fair Laura so bold;
Get one to commemorate the Fair trial,
As illustrated in "The Wolf in the Fold."
ap19-3m

LIKE A GROOVE SHAVE. A TRIP TO NEW YORK FOR 25 CTS. FIFTY BEAUTIFUL

QUEER

"A TRIP ACROSS THE CONTINENT,"
Over mountain high and plain;
Is a new instructive amusement,
And A California game.

A splendid home amusement, and a family instructor is the parlor game. Price, $2 00. THISTLETON & CO., No. 9 Post street, San Francisco, May be sent by mail. ap19-3m

Major Jack's

Head-Quarters,

Wines, Liquors, Ales and Cigars.

The Grand Hotel and Central Pacific Railroad Offices on the right, Masonic Temple on the left, and the Hibernia Bank furninst the

Junction of Montgomery, Post and Market Streets.

JOHN STRATMAN.....PUBLICAN. ap5-tf

THE CITY GARDENS

....FOR THE....

Coming Picnic Season!

THE ATTENTION OF ALL SOCIETIES, ASSOCIations and Military Companies is called to the advantages offered by these commodious and beautiful grounds for Holiday Picnic Festivals. They can be procured on any day in the week for picnic purposes the coming season on more advantageous terms than any grounds in the State.

THE CITY GARDENS

Are easy of access without any tariff to Societies, and are provided with large and beautiful Lawns; large Shade Trees; beautiful Flowers and Plants from every clime; numerous Swings; two mammoth Dancing Pavilions; a natural Lake, with Pleasure Boats; Fountains and Observatory Towers, all perfectly sheltered from the winds. A mammoth Restaurant is on the grounds, and every convenience for the accommodation of large Picnics has been made. Everything has been placed in the most complete order for the coming season.

THE CITY GARDENS

Are the largest in the State. They contain 8½ acres of Knoll and Shaded Lawns, Flower Gardens, etc., and are capable of accommodating 20,000 persons with the greatest convenience. Extra Cars run directly to the Gardens.

Picnic Committees are especially invited to call and inspect the Grounds, and ascertain terms, which will be most favorable.

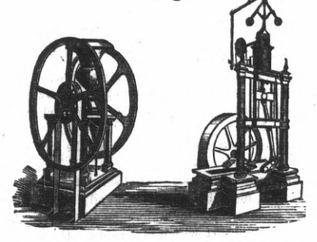
M. V. STEVENS, Proprietor.

Office hours 3 to 6 P. M. daily, at the Gardens, corner Twelfth and Folsom streets.

N. B.—30,000 Admission Tickets were sold by various Associations holding festivals at the City Gardens last year. The sale of spirituous liquors will be prohibited on the grounds on Festival days. ap19-tf

OUR SPECIALTIES

COFFEE, TEAS & SPICES



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Through by Daylight!

THE STEAMER

S. M. WHIPPLE,

BRADBURY.....Master

Will, until further notice, leave VALLEJO STREET WHARF, San Francisco

EVERY TUESDAY AND FRIDAY,

At half-past ten o'clock A. M.

Returning—Will leave foot of N Street, Sacramento, Every Wednesday and Saturday, at seven o'clock A. M., sharp, touching as Benicia, Rio Vista and Collinsville.

Fare	$1 00
Freight, per ton	$1 50
Meals	50
Berths	50

Also, until further notice, will leave Vallejo street Wharf, San Francisco,

EVERY MONDAY AND THURSDAY,

At 7¾ o'clock A. M.,

For Antioch, touching at Benicia, New York, and Pittsburg.

Returning—Will leave Antioch at 2½ P: M., same day, making the same landings.

E. K. WHIPPLE, Proprietor.

For further particulars inquire on board of the Boat, or to S. E. HERRICK, Agent, 126 Clay street, San Francisco.

A. BREWER, Agent, Sacramento. my3-tf

NOTICE

THISTLETON'S JOLLY GIANT, the only Comic Paper on the Pacific Coast, is now out. Lots of Fun, Splendid Pictures of the Daily Press, Emperor Norton, Arnold, the Diamond Swindler, in my curious things, and what the CHRONICLE, the "Live Paper," Saw in the Moon. For sale by Newsboys, and all the News Dealers on the Coast. Price, Ten Cents. Office, No. 9 Port street.

WANTED.—A Dozen Newsboys, my3-tf

Empire Hotel,

311 and 313 PACIFIC STREET,

BET. BATTERY AND SANSOME, OPPOSITE THE POST OFFICE, SAN FRANCISCO.

FREE BATHS.

P. BEIRNE.....Proprietor ap19-tf

SAN QUENTIN FERRY.

CHANGE OF HOURS.

ON AND AFTER SATURDAY, FEBRUary 3d, 1873, the Steamer CONTRA

COSTA, Captain McKENZIE, connecting with the San Rafael Railroad, will leave as follows:

San Francisco.	San Rafael.
9:30 A. M.	7.45 A. M.
1:00 P. M.	11:15 A. M.
4:30 P. M.	2:30 P. M.

Until further notice, the Steamer will make trips on SUNDAY as follows, leaving:

San Francisco.	San Rafael.
10:00 A. M.	8:00 A. M.
5:00 P. M.	3:30 P. M.

my3-tf CHAS. MINTURN.

MONTGOMERY'S HOTEL.

227 and 229 Second Street,

SAN FRANCISCO.

This Hotel is conducted on Temperance Principles and offers Superior Accommodations to the public. The Table is always supplied with the best the market affords, and no pains will be spared to give guests the comforts of a home.

Board per Week	$3 50.
Six Meal Tickets for	$1 00.
Board and Lodging per Week	$4 00.
Single Rooms with Board (per week)	$4 50 to $5.

CHAS. MONTGOMERY, Proprietor. ap19-tf